

THE ECHO

YORK COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE

1925

THE ECHO
for
1925

*In appreciation of the
help and encouragement
he is always so ready to give,
we gratefully dedicate
this book to*

CHARLES H. EHRENFELD, PH.D.



CHARLES HATCH EHRENFELD, PH. D.

School History

The York Collegiate Institute was founded in 1871 by the venerable Samuel Small for the purpose of "affording instruction not only in the ordinary branches of literature and science but also in regard to the great end and business of life."

On September 15th, 1873, the school first opened its doors to students, with James McDougall, Jr., Ph.D., in the president's chair, in which capacity he remained until 1892. Eliakim T. Jeffers, D.D., LL.D., succeeded him and remained in office until 1915, when the present president, Charles H. Ehrenfeld, Ph.D., Sc.D., took his place.

In order to fill the need arising in 1885 as a result of the destruction by fire of the original school building, the present building was erected and equipped by Messrs. George Small, W. Latimer Small, and Samuel Small. This sturdy, shapely building of dark red brick is an excellent symbol of the spirit of Y. C. I.—a mingling of dignity and intimacy.



YORK COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA



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The Echo Board

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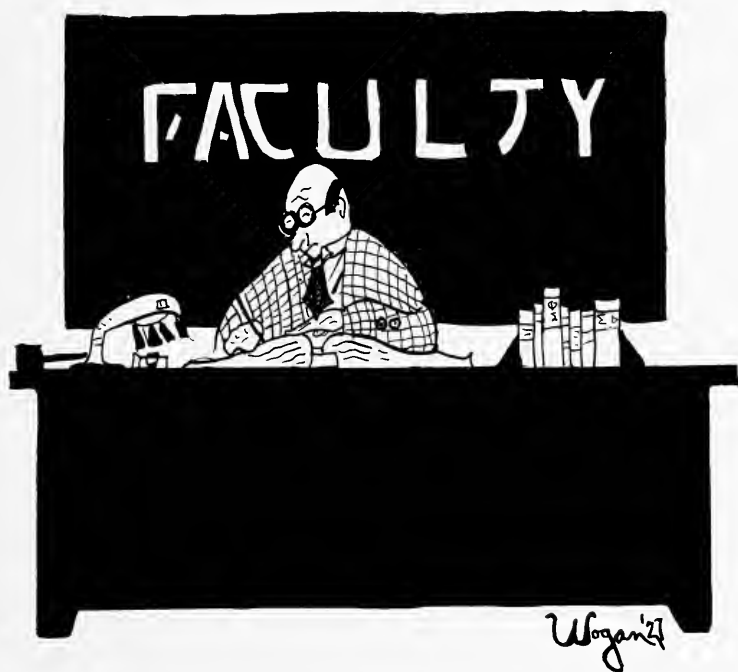
Picture a spiral stairway with its summit hidden in the clouds! It can easily be seen that the builders exerted most effort upon the construction of the lowest step, which is the foundation of the entire structure, and which is entirely responsible for its stability. Is the picture clear in your mind? Now, let us go on.

The first step represents our work in compiling, or rather creating, this volume. Now, this book is not a silly toy, but a real foundation stone. Just leaf over the pages, and you see that herein our business people, artists, humorists, cartoonists, and authors of tomorrow find an opportunity to practise and display their talents, and here they may seek their first encouragement. Because the development of natural talents is really one of the greatest aims of education, this book is every bit as beneficial to the Student Body as any subject in the

curriculum; and so it is sincerely hoped that the Student Body of 1926, of 1927, and of many succeeding years may appreciate the advantages and pleasures of having a Year Book, and may continue the work which we have begun.

Now stop a minute, and visualize the stairway from a different angle. Here the cornerstone represents our "prep" school days, the time when we are building the foundations for our lives. A weary traveller, climbing the steps with difficulty, may be tempted to give up his journey, and consider his effort a failure, but turning to gaze again at the place from which he set out, he recalls the enthusiasm and eager hopefulness that he entertained at the start of his journey, and he takes heart again. May the Y. C. I. Annual of 1925 always be such an inspiration for all of us!

—EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



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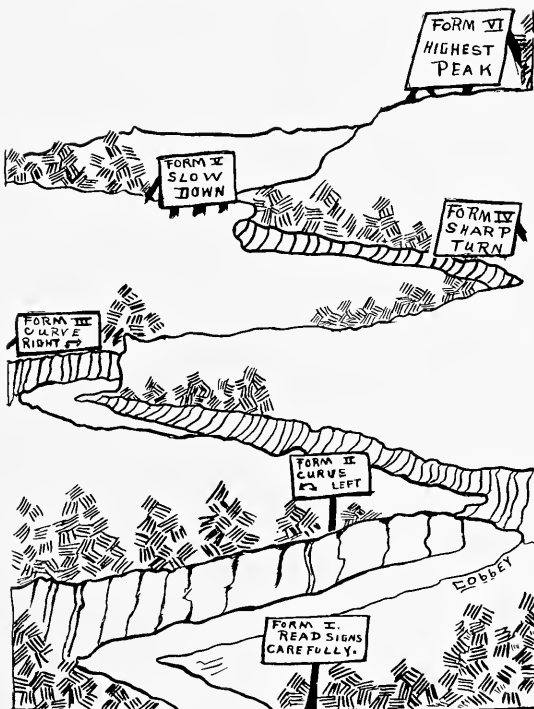
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English and History.

MISS FRANCES ATHENE POLACK

Graduate, York Collegiate Institute
and of National Park Seminary.
Physical Director for Girls.

CLASSES





RALPH ROCHOW

It has been said that red-heads with long legs are very bright, but the exception always proves the rule. Allow us to introduce, Ralph, the boy who once said "This is not a cold air school, it is a hot air school." He has accomplished much at Y. C. I., in fact practically everything the school offers. As president of the class in his Junior and Senior years, as well as being one of the most active members of Phi Sigma, he has demonstrated powers of leadership, and a jovial nature has made and retained for him innumerable friends. He is a basketball player of no mean ability and the best bet for the shot put. Being the only one out for this field event we think he will make it—but on second thought he would anyway. If law does not claim his future we know someone's heart that will. Here's wishing you luck, Ralph.

We will often wonder as we think and dream
What would have happened to the Junior team
If "Big Boy Rochow" had not been there
To win the games for his lady fair.

DOROTHY BARBER

We never knew Dorothy to be anything but congenial and it necessarily follows that she would be a popular member of the class and school, especially with the boys. Among her favorite past-times is that of coming into Algebra class several minutes late, with a wistful expression that forbids even the teacher from demanding an explanation. Very often "Dot" will be found on the school premises after school hours and she generally explains this fact with "detention." Without wishing to doubt her word we have often noticed that on the same days a certain tall, handsome, light haired athlete could be found training for some contest or field event. We want you to win, Dorothy, in anything you attempt.

A girl who was jolly and full of fun
With a smile that seemed like the glowing sun
And a sweet disposition beyond compare,
This friend of ours with golden hair.



ELIZABETH BEAR

Elizabeth is to all appearances a man-hater, but you can't always go by appearances. She has little to say but that only lends importance to her opinions. The possessor of a distinctive personality and qualities of character representative of high ideals, she cannot help but be a leader wherever she goes. When Sigma Delta chose Miss Bear for President for an entire school term they not only showed good judgment but expressed their appreciation for her ability and the high esteem in which she is held by all who know her. 'Lizbeth will take with her our best wishes for the best that life offers.

Someone we'll miss when the seniors leave
Is a girl that we know will surely achieve
With her wistful smile and heart so true
Success in this life and happiness too.



GEORGE MOTTER

George has been a success at Y. C. I. if ever there was one, in spite of the repeated vacations he insists upon taking. During his sophomore year the class claimed him for its president, thus showing its appreciation of the qualities of leadership and individuality which he possesses and which give him a good bid for the title of "Most popular fellow in school."

If you ever heard someone tapping the keys in the chapel you could be fairly certain that it was a tall good looking sheik whose nature seemed to indicate him as being a good pal rather than the excellent musician which he is. One of his compositions took the school by storm and there is every reason to believe that in the future his work will attract the attention of the musical world. He made a "mean" hero in the Phi Sigma play and, although a hot-air artist, is a confidential pal who was once quoted as saying, "Gee but she's some queen. Did you see her last night?" And he did. "Best o' Luck" and then some, Georgie.

A handsome boy with a heart of gold
Just one of the crowd as you've been told
With a smile for each girl and a word for each lad
He's the pride and joy of his Mother and Dad.



WILLIAM STOCK

If "Little William" could run on the track as fast as he does away from the girls he would be a relay team by himself. However, he is contented with the high jump event at which he has shown good form. There are two big reasons why he should win that honor—one is his left foot, the other his right. Billy is a nature student who never misses an opportunity to take a ride in his Studebaker—sometimes he takes his books along for company. He once told the girls he loved nature, so they gave him the air but that didn't worry Bill. He simply put his mind on his lessons and the marks speak for themselves. We dislike to see him go but you "can't keep a good man down." So Good Luck, Stock.

When away from school or away from home
 Whatever you do, wherever you roam;
 Remember us Bill until the end
 Each one of the crowd is indeed your friend.

MARGUERITE REA

We may best describe Miss Rea as being a quiet, studious girl who, in spite of these "faults," makes many friends. This little ray of sunshine and her pet bull dog attracted quite a lot of attention, probably by reason of the comparison of dispositions. However, Marguerite has shown a lot of perseverance, as her marks will testify. Whenever she goes or whatever lines of endeavor she attempts we are certain she will succeed and wish her the best of luck and then some.

A smile and a twinkle in each eye:
 We saw her laugh but never cry.
 So may her life thus always be
 One of happiness and security.



MIRIAM HERSHEY

Introducing Miss Miriam Hershey, or if you prefer, just "Mim." Hershey is a sweet name and take it from us, a sweet girl possesses it. If you want to see her immediately attentive simply mention the word "Wrigley" which represents her favorite pastime when not studying. However she claims that it relaxes her tired mind after a strenuous day at school and gives her an excuse for not talking to the boys. We have been told that Miriam is a fine piano player but she is somewhat reticent about demonstrating her ability. Her many friends want her to remember them after she leaves school. How about it, Miriam?

New friends for old, it is true;
But those she loved and those she knew
At Y. C. I. while she was here
Will wish her always, joy and cheer.



JAY REGAR

Mr. Regar is one of the few who are entitled to be called an all around athlete and he has on numerous occasions helped to change an almost certain defeat on the basket ball floor into a victory. His speed and accuracy of judgment have shown what may be accomplished through hard training and conscientious effort. A bundle of energy whether in the cage or on the track, Jay is a good dancer and his genial nature and fine voice with just a trace of Reading distinctiveness have won him many friends. Here's wishing you all the good things, Jay. "Go Get 'Em."

Many a time we will pause and think;
Of times when a victory lay on the brink,
And a good-looking lad came to the fore
With a brilliance of action and change in the score.





CLAIR KREIDLER

Clair in our opinion is the personification of "pep," that little word which is the foundation for so many things including Kreidler's achievements at Y. C. I. His marks have been exceptionally good and it's a cinch that if he ever applies his intelligence to winning the hearts of beautiful girls he will make "Rudy" Valentino look like an amateur. All he needs is a little experience and he already has a good start inasmuch as he is a good basket-ball player which is one of the main qualifications (at least so says "Judge"). We'll back you to the limit, Clair. May life give you the best.

The road to success is hard for some,
 There are many obstacles to overcome;
 But to the fellow who picks his way with care
 A rich reward will await him there.

LUCILLE WALKER

Lucille and her cousin compose a team of Walkers that it is difficult to beat. Not necessarily as pedestrians but in academic pursuits, social endeavors or achievements in the general routine of school life. If Lucille is ever unhappy, no one knows it, for her sweet, frequent, or should we say perpetual, smile together with a radiant personality and congenial manner is a genuine gloom chaser. While not very large she tackles the big problems and solves them. Chemistry appears to be her favorite subject and she just loves to hear Prof. Frantz request the memorizing of the entire book. It is impossible to beat her in a friendly argument and she refuses to indulge in any other kind so we give her our best wishes till we meet again.

In the springtime of life, there are some who wait
 For old Dame Fortune to knock at their gate;
 But this girl of ours had ambitions galore
 So she journeyed ahead to Fortune's own door.



WILLIAM EMENHEISER

Crash -- Bang -- A few rattles and then indefinite silence and we know that Bill's "Lizzie" has once more brought him to our institution of learning. Apparently the ride in the cool air and just enough vibration to clear the cob-webs from "Emmee's" brain the morning after, has resulted in Bill's advancement in school, particularly mathematics, more definitely geometry. He is a regular sheik with his good nature and auburn hair tinted to a strawberry shade. There is a place in this world for everyone and William has found his at Y. C. I. All we can say is that he has made good and that we wish him unlimited success.

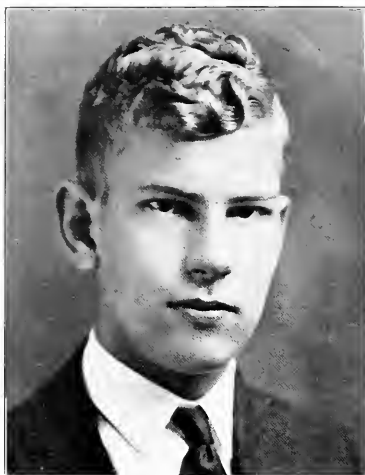
To those who try with might and main
Come the rewards of success, the glory of fame.
We know not what this pal will be
But he will reach the top, most undoubtedly.



FRANCES MUNDORF

The popular song, "She's Everybody's Sweet-heart but Nobody's Girl" must have had for its inspiration Miss Mundorf. Everyone loves her and we believe she loves everyone even the "Drug Store Cowboys." "Fritz" possesses an exquisite personality. Among her many accomplishments are the piano, dancing (plus bien), stage acting and last but not least boxing, as one of the boys, who thought he could box until Fritz gave him a lesson, will testify. Her avocation seems to be collecting frat pins, etc. Fritz is not very large but the school would have seemed terribly empty without her. Here's wishing you luck, Fritz, and plenty of it.

With a clasp of the hand a tear in each eye
We will say au revoir, but not good bye,
For we hope on some not far distant day
To meet once more our old friend so gay.



RICHARD KAIN

"Some are born great, others achieve greatness" was at one time considered expressive of two distinct ideas, but in our opinion Mr. Kain is the embodiment of both. We have never known him to attempt anything without accomplishing his purpose unless it was to run away from the girls. Somewhat bashful, until you get him in a crowd of fellows; then he can say more in five minutes than some people think in five months. There is only one thing which may keep him from becoming a great lawyer. He always tells the truth. A personality all his own, together with his untiring energy and the characteristics of a man who not only thinks but acts, cannot fail to place him at the head of some large organization of men. We'll back you to the limit, Richard. "Go Get 'Em."

A tall young man with flowing hair
He said what he thought and he thought with care;
An example to others who wish to find
Fame and glory and peace of mind.

GLADYS WALKER

Miss Walker's accomplishments are decidedly varied, and while she is very studious, and also an active member of Sigma Delta, Gladys finds time to be social and to have an occasional game of bridge. "That school girl complexion" which she possesses is a fine advertisement for Y. C. I. and when we see her driving to or from school we can't help thinking of that old saying "Love me, love my — automobile." Her sweet disposition (in spite of the fact that she denies the accusation) has won her many friends and will continue to do so. If you will take our word for it, Gladys is the kind of girl to attempt big things and put them across. We wish her all the success available.

With a heart that's true and a smile so dear
There's a girl we knew whose presence here
Was always welcome, and will always be
In the foremost realms of our memory.



WILBUR GANTZ

Gantz came in from Shrewsbury and made a complete raid upon the school. He was a member of the Junior basketball team and a fast man on the track. Though naturally a quiet fellow his wit has been sharpened by continual checker playing. He is the first to note Miss Messer's slang expressions such as "Aeneas set out to kill those birds," and the beginning of Anchises' prayer, "Ye Gods." While some people allow what they hear to go in one ear and out the other, Wilbur uses both of his for "tuning in." To this fact we may attribute much of his present success and his prospect for success in the future. Best of Luck, Gantz, mostly good.

A wise old owl was perched in a tree
There was much to hear and much to see;
But he sat quietly enwrapped in thought
Until one fine day great wonders he wrought.



JAMES KIRACOFE

Whoever ventured the wise crack that a fellow can not be handsome and also be endowed with brains never gazed upon "Jimmie," for he is amply supplied with both the above mentioned qualifications and many others. The Prince of Wales is supposed to be the best dressed young man in the world, but "Hagerstown" is pushing him pretty hard. James is the original reason why the girls spend their study periods in day dreams. But he is apparently totally oblivious to the fact. His genial nature and absorbing personality plus his winning smile are sure bets for the acquisition of friends wherever he goes. We want him to remember always the old crowd. Strut your stuff, "Jimmie." May your accomplishments all be big ones and your troubles little ones.

We called him Kiracofe and Hagerstown
But he only smiled and never a frown;
So we know he loved us as we loved him,
This old pal of ours whose name was "Jim."



IRVIN SHINDLER

Whenever there is someone to be chosen as chairman of a meeting, Shindler usually carries the ballot by an overwhelming vote. He has held that distinction in all the English debates, and has also been president of Phi Sigma and vice-president of the same organization three times.

Although a member of the drug-store gang he was not one of the exclusive "Cow-Boys." A somewhat retiring chap but when one cultivates his friendship the result is a feeling of utmost security in that friendship. He is undoubtedly one of the best liked boys, but a woman hater if there be any such. However, Ralph says, "He'll soon get over that."

Quiet and calm and without fear
He brings to our minds a memory dear
Of days now gone which will not return
And a pal who was loyal, staunch and firm.

ROBERT GEASEY

Gaze upon the gentle countenance of Mr. Geasey, girls; we can't blame you for liking him. Who does not?" Cap," as his name signifies, led our varsity basketball team this year and he was in there fighting for the team and the school. Bob is also quite proficient on the track. A good clean sport and all around athlete with a sunny disposition, he is bound to make friends everywhere. His only fault, if it may be termed as such, is that of falling for the girls but as Burns would say, "A Man's a Man for all that." We'll miss you, Bob. "Nuf-Sed."

In the game of life one can't always win
But he can ever give of the best in him;
It's the fellow who's out to win or die
That shows the courage and spirit of Y. C. I.





Fifth Form

Virginia Broomell	Edward Kauffman
Lawrence Buchart	Gladys Knaub
Sarah Faust	George Miller
Estella Gladfelter	Richard Myers
Elva Heathcote	Palmer Slenker
Louise Hoff	Philip Smith
Philip Kable	Ralph Tipping
Wilbur Wise	



Fourth Form

Harriet Barcroft	Sarah McDonald
Insley Berlin	Margaret Minnich
Orpha Brenneman	Richard Moul
Grace Cobbey	Luella Rodes
Howard Coleman	Roger Schwartz
Virginia Elliott	George Simon
Kephart Emenheiser	John Smith
Richard Fisher	Charles Spahr
Mary Garrett	Wilbert Steffy
Robert Helm	Marian Stein
Ambrose Hunt	Millard Stiles
William Kelly	Jeanette Toning
Mary Klinedinst	Evelyn Whisler
George Kohler	Sophie Wogan
William Wogan	



Third Form

Clair Allabach	James Lentz
Charlotte Bear	Clevie Miller
Mary Birchall	Rosina Plunk
Philip Boyer	John Richey
Catharine Crozier	Irvin Rudisill
Susan Eisenhart	Catherine Rudisill
Elizabeth Gross	Kathleen Schwartz
Frances Grumbacher	Bess Sitler
Saline Hershey	John Throne
John Kisiner	Ruth Zech
Virginia Lee	William Zimmerman



Second Form

Virginia Birchall	Virginia Metzgar
Lewis Birchall	Agnes Minnich
Catherine Brillhart	Emmett Murnane
John Doll	Miriam Neff
William Eisenhart	Frances Paxton
Frances Frick	Carolyn Pfaltzgraff
Georgiana Geesey	Katharine Rea
Louise Jessop	Mary Ruby
William Kain	Joseph Schwartz
Evelyn Kottmeier	Anna Shue
John Lauer	Kenneth Stallman
William Lucas	Rosemary Swartz
Jean McLaughlin	

First Form

Anna Broomell	Samuel Manifold
Louise Gray	Alverta Miller
Max Grumbacher	Gladys Strack
David Klinedinst	Le Roy Weitzel

ALUMNI



Y. C. I. Alumni in Other Schools

The following Alumni of the York Collegiate Institute are continuing their education in colleges, universities and preparatory schools.

Stewart Warner	UNIVERSITY OF PENN. LAW SCHOOL	Helen Jessop	WILSON
Robert Farquhar	YALE	Lucille Phelps	PEABODY
Victor Polack	FRANKLIN and MARSHALL	Jean Shirey	HOOD
Harry Rochow	SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY	Robert Rohrbaugh	GETTYSBURG
Jessie Smith	GETTYSBURG	Kathryn Smutz	GOUCHER
Colin Hartley	GETTYSBURG	Harry Alwine	LEHIGH
Millard Kroh	GETTYSBURG	Edward Baron	PENN STATE
Sterling Mummert	UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS	William Billmeyer	LEHIGH
Margaret Rhodes	PEABODY	John Dempwolf	DICKINSON
Mary Rudisill	CARNEGIE TECH.	Frank Donlon	ELMIRA
Kathryn Hostetter	HOOD	Grace Hartley	OBERLIN
Roye Bixler	PENN STATE	Arthur Hogue	UNIVERSITY OF PENN.
John Calkin	HAVERFORD	Sidney Hummell	TEMPLE
Charles Ehrhart	PENN STATE	Virginia Martin	HAVERFORD
Joseph Gilbert	GETTYSBURG	Richard Minnich	UNIVERSITY OF PENN.
Clara Hartley	ELMIRA	Roy Runk	PENN STATE
Walter McBlain, Jr.	PENN STATE	Dale Smith	ELMIRA
William McNamee	WEST POINT	Dorothy Strack	PENN STATE
Katherine Ruby	GOUCHER	Luther Warner	MISS WRIGHT'S SCHOOL
Fred Seibel	GETTYSBURG	Charlotte Farquhar	HIGHLAND HALL
Benjamin Weinstein	LEHIGH	Lydia Small	WEST CHESTER NORMAL
Martin Brillhart	BOSTON TECH.	Esther Stiles	WEST CHESTER NORMAL
Paul Davenport	UNIVERSITY OF PENN.	Elizabeth Burgesser	FAIRFAX HALL
Gerard Gilbert	UNIVERSITY OF PENN.	Louise Frick	MERCERSBURG ACADEMY
Mary Gotwald	ELMIRA	George Kain	MERCERSBURG ACADEMY
Royal Hintze	UNIVERSITY OF DELAWARE	Jack Hartman	NATIONAL PARK
		Madeline Gilbert	

Alumni in College Athletics

The Y. C. I. is very proud of a great many of its well known Alumni, but it is especially proud of several of its former athletes, namely: "Pudge" Davenport, who has been elected captain of the Varsity Basket-Ball Team of the University of Penn; "Benny" Weinstein, who has been elected captain of the Varsity Basket-Ball Team of Lehigh for 1925-1926; William Billmeyer, who was elected captain of the Freshman Basket-Ball Team of Lehigh for 1924-1925; "Eddie" Baron, who was elected captain of the Penn State Freshman Basket-Ball Team for 1924-1925; "Ted" Kain and "Barney" Barris, who played with the Varsity Basket-Ball Team at Dickinson, and "Mike" Donlon, who has won many honors on the track at Dickinson.

Alumni Association

The Alumni Association of the Y. C. I. was organized in 1876 and held its first meeting June 16. Mr. R. E. Cochran was elected the first president of the society. The original graduating class numbered 8. In the year 1901 there were 255 members and at the present time there are approximately 2,000 members, 600 of whom actually graduated.

The Alumni holds an annual meeting on the evening before graduation, at which time the new members are received by the society. The officers of the Association for the years 1924-1925 are as follows:

President, JOHN A. KATZ

Vice-President, HENRY SFANGLER

Secretary, MISS LOIS J. BELL

Treasurer, GEORGE HAY KAIN, ESQ.

School Calendar

- SEPTEMBER 8—School opened.
- SEPTEMBER 24—Prof. E. H. Frantz spoke about his trip to Alaska.
- SEPTEMBER 26—Speech by Dr. Wm. T. Ellis.
- OCTOBER 1—Miss Marian Messer spoke about her summer in France.
- OCTOBER 14—Speech by Dr. Irwin F. Mather.
- OCTOBER 15—Miss Eleanor Van Dyke spoke about her travels in Holland and Italy.
- OCTOBER 22—Speech by Dr. Howard W. Poor.
- OCTOBER 29—Speech by Dr. C. H. Ehrenfeld about "Safety in Ruts."
- OCTOBER 31—Girls' Party at Country Club.
- NOVEMBER 5—Lieut. J. B. Anderson, U. S. N., spoke about the dirigible "Shenandoah."
- NOVEMBER 12—Dr. C. H. Ehrenfeld spoke about "Chance and God."
- NOVEMBER 19—Speech by Rev. John H. Ness.
- NOVEMBER 26—Thanksgiving Vacation began.
- DECEMBER 1—Thanksgiving Vacation ended.
- DECEMBER 3—Speech by Dr. J. Ellis Bell.
- DECEMBER 10—Speech by Rev. M. J. Fleming, D.D.
- DECEMBER 17—Speech by Rev. Paul S. Atkins.
- DECEMBER 18—Phi Sigma Play: "Tommy's Wife."
- DECEMBER 19—Phi Sigma Play: "Tommy's Wife."
- DECEMBER 19—Christmas Vacation began.
- JANUARY 5—Christmas Vacation ended.
- JANUARY 14—Speech by Rev. Walter H. Traub, D.D.
- JANUARY 21—Speech by Rev. Walter J. Hogue, D.D.
- JANUARY 22—Phi Sigma Banquet.
- JANUARY 26—Mid-year Exams began.
- JANUARY 30—First Term ended.
- FEBRUARY 2—Second Term began.
- FEBRUARY 4—Speech by Dr. C. H. Ehrenfeld about "The Total Eclipse of the Sun."
- FEBRUARY 18—Speech by Dr. C. H. Ehrenfeld about "Good Form."
- FEBRUARY 23—Holiday (Washington's Birthday fell on Sunday).
- FEBRUARY 25—Speech by Mr. E. A. Hirschman.
- MARCH 4—Speech by Rev. Wm. J. Oliver.
- MARCH 11—Speech by Rev. John W. Glover.
- MARCH 13—Girls' Gym Exhibition.
- MARCH 20—Spring Vacation began.
- MARCH 30—Spring Vacation ended.
- MARCH 30—Speech by Rev. D. B. Mummert and Rev. A. R. Porter.
- APRIL 1—Speech by Rev. C. A. Oliver.
- APRIL 4—Sigma Delta Luncheon.
- APRIL 7—Recital by Miss Hortense Neilson.
- APRIL 8—Mr. C. E. Bilheimer spoke about "Easter."
- APRIL 17—Speech by Ray Wyland.
- APRIL 17—Phi Sigma Banquet.
- MAY 18—Senior final examinations begin.
- MAY 25—General final examinations begin.
- MAY 31—Sermon to Graduating Class.
- JUNE 1—Open Meeting of Phi Sigma Literary Society.
- JUNE 1—Alumni Reception.
- JUNE 2—Commencement.
- JUNE 3—School Picnic.

SOCIETIES.





Sigma Delta Literary Society

Dorothy Barber
 Harriet Barcroft
 Elizabeth Bear
 Virginia Broomell
 Grace Cobbey
 Virginia Elliott
 Sarah Faust
 Mary Garrett
 Elva Heathcote
 Miriam Hershey
 Louise Hoff

Mary Klinedinst
 Gladys Knaub
 Sarah McDonald
 Margaret Minnich
 Frances Mundorf
 Marguerite Rea
 Marian Stein
 Jeannette Tanning
 Gladys Walker
 Lucille Walker
 Sophie Wogan

Honorary Members

Marion Messer
 Jennie Sanderson
 Eleanor Van Dyke

Sigma Delta Literary Society

By GLADYS WALKER

Early in November the Sigma Delta Literary Society elected the following officers to serve for the school year of 1924-1925: *President*, Miss Elizabeth Bear; *Vice-President*, Miss Louise Hoff; *Secretary*, Miss Virginia Broomell; *Treasurer*, Miss Gladys Walker.

The Society meets once a month, usually either in the Sigma Delta Club Room or in the Library. The aim of the Society is to stimulate an interest in Literature by having reports made at each meeting by various members concerning the lives and works of modern writers. In order to make the meetings sociable as well as instructive, refreshments are served at each regular monthly meeting, and "The Budget" (a collection of humorous episodes) is read.

DECEMBER ACTIVITIES

The first regular monthly meeting of Sigma Delta was held in December. A brief report was given concerning the life of John Galsworthy. This was followed by a discussion of his two most recent novels: "The White Monkey" and "The Forsyte Saga." "The Budget" was then read by Miss Barber.

The Society learned (through an investigating committee) of several worthy families in which a number of little children were eagerly awaiting the visit of generous "Santa Claus" while their impoverished mothers went about their work, heartsick to think of the disappointment which their little ones would have to bear on Christmas morning. Each member of Sigma Delta was designated to play "Miss Santa" to one child, and so, when Christmas came, the grateful Mothers were not forced to let the little stockings remain empty, and each child had a truly "Merry Christmas."

JANUARY MEETING

Following an interesting outline of the life of

Gene Stratton Porter, the story of one of her best known works, "The Girl of the Limberlost", was told in detail. Miss Heathcote then played a delightful piano selection, after which "The Budget" was read by Miss Hershey.

FEBRUARY MEETING

At the time of the February meeting, the Society was delightfully entertained at the home of Miss Margaret Minnich. An outline of James M. Barrie's life was followed by the popular story of "Peter Pan." The literary program concluded with an excellent criticism of Barrie's works. "The Budget" was then read by Miss Tonning.

MARCH MEETING

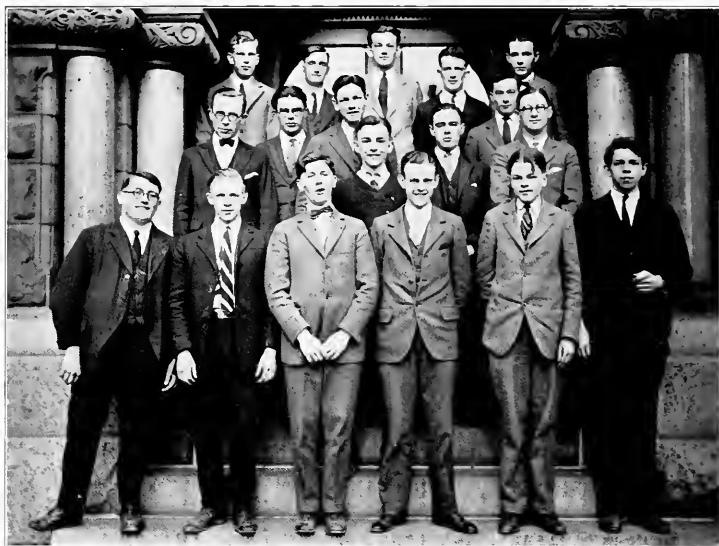
The March program was influenced by the date of the meeting, and deviating from the usual "author-and-novel" programs, this time the Society learned something about Saint Patrick's Day. A report about the origin of Saint Patrick's Day was given by one member, and another told more about Irish customs, and read the well-known poem and song: "The Wearin' of the Green." "The Budget" was read by Miss Barber.

APRIL ACTIVITIES

On April the fourth, Sigma Delta Society had a most enjoyable luncheon at the Country Club. After the luncheon, the members spent the afternoon playing progressive "Five-Hundred." Lovely prizes were given, and all agreed that it was a most delightful afternoon.

The literary program of the April meeting was given over to reports about the customs and literature of Spain and France.

The officers for the coming year will be elected at the May meeting.



Phi Sigma

Richard Morgan Kain
 Wilbur Henry Gantz
 Irvin S. Shindler
 Philip Herring Kable
 Philip Daniel Smith
 John Collins Smith

Roger B. Schwartz
 Carl Friedrich Ralph Rochow
 Lawrence Edward Buchart
 Palmer M. Slenker
 George Simon
 Richard Oswald Moul
 John William Throne

George Frederick Motter
 William Blaney Stock
 Wilbur Adam Wise
 Richard Small Myers
 Insley Heebner Berlin
 Millard Henry Stiles

PHI SIGMA LITERARY SOCIETY

Officers

PRESIDENTS

Irvin Shindler

VICE-PRESIDENTS

Wilbur Gantz

FIRST CENSOR

Prof. Frantz

SECOND CENSORS

Richard Myers

CHAPLAINS

Lawrence Buchart

EDITORS

Insley Berlin

Ralph Rochow

Irvin Shindler

Wilbur Wise

Richard Kain

Roger Schwartz

Insley Berlin

Wilbur Wise

Palmer Slenker

George Simon

Insley Berlin

John Smith

Lawrence Buchart

Richard Kain

Irvin Shindler

SECRETARIES

Ralph Rochow

Philip Kable

Kephart Emenheiser

Palmer Slenker

George Motter

Irvin Shindler

Philip Kable

Richard Kain

Palmer Slenker

John Turnbull

Phi Sigma

BY RICHARD KAIN

The Phi Sigma Literary Society entered upon the fifty-first year of its history with the present term. The society was organized with twenty-five charter members, on March 5, 1874. This was during the first actual school year of the Y. C. I. The students with the help of the faculty have kept it going ever since. Every year it has been more successful in advancing the intellectual, moral and social life of the members and through them that of the school generally.

Although the school has grown during the last fifty years, and the eligibility list has doubled, Phi Sigma has limited its student membership to twenty. In fact, membership in this society has become an enviable privilege, realized by few. The society, by its limited membership, has increased its benefits to the few members during the past year. The Phi Sigma society constitutes a brotherhood whose foundations are laid in Friendship, Truth and Honour.

This society has lived up to its name and more. Debates, orations, essays, extemporaneous speeches and parliamentary drill, all have places in the program. Also, knowledge of parliamentary procedure is developed to a valuable degree, since points of order are brought up in the heated discussions during the business sessions. An effort is made to adhere strictly in every point to the constitution and to Roberts's "Rules of Order." A year of training in this society is invaluable in teaching the boys to think "on their feet" and to overcome "stage fright." Debate occupies the most important place on the program and offers, through discussion of current topics, a valuable training for life.

PHI SIGMA ACTIVITIES

The past year has been one of the most successful in the history of the society. Phi Sigma has had a greater influence on the student body than ever before and has entered many successful ventures, some of which have never before been attempted.

The work of starting the society this year fell on the shoulders of Richard Kain, the first president. In spite of the difficulties of reorganization and of small membership, the society got a flying start. The society decided to have a play and elected the president to the position of business and general manager. Work was begun immediately, with the help of Miss Sanderson and several girls in addition to the Phi Sigma committees.

The first five weeks rolled by, and the election was again held. The five preceding weeks witnessed many improvements in the society. The membership had reached its limit, many interesting topics had been discussed, and work on the play was proceeding rapidly.

George Motter was elected president and badges were purchased. With the help of the society and of the committee, Messrs. Simon, Moul and Myers, the final preparations for the play were made.

THE PHI SIGMA PLAY

The Phi Sigma Society presented its play on Thursday and Friday, preceding the Christmas vacation. "Tommy's Wife" was well chosen; the plot was sufficiently involved to make it interesting without being too hard to follow. The play was a portrayal of the complications arising when the artist Thomas Carruthers pretended he was married, to keep a society woman's daughter from falling in love with him. The artist was painting the daughter's picture and did this to please her mother, the society woman. Tommy's fiancée was angered and his chum, Dick Grannis had a quarrel with Rose, Tommy's sister. The fencing master, always appearing at the most inopportune times, complicated matters but Edith straightened everything out, while the actors were practising a play at her home.

The audience was not as responsive on the first night as on the second, but on the whole, the play was appreciated by the patrons on both nights.

On Friday the self-consciousness of the actors' first appearance had worn off and the characters seemed at ease and more natural.

Ralph Rochow as the artist and George Motter as his friend had the stellar roles and acted well. Rochow must find acting a cinch as he handled himself so naturally. George made a fine chum and suitor of the well known eighteen carat variety. Gladys Walker as the artist's sister and Frances Mundorf as his betrothed showed their talents to best advantage, while Elva Heathcote and Virginia Broomell seemed especially fitted for their parts. Dorothy Barber deserves great credit as Edith, who finally settled matters. Wilbur Wise in the part of the eccentric Frenchman acted a difficult part very well.

Roger Schwartz, with a piano solo, came to the rescue between the acts. Miss Shue executed a dance with accompaniment. Altogether the play was a complete success.

THE PHI SIGMA BANQUET

Irvin Shindler assumed the presidential chair after the play and under his direction plans for a banquet were made. The last banquet was held five years ago and proved a great success and the plan was to reinstate this practice and have a banquet even better than the last one. Wilbur Wise assumed full responsibility and deserves much praise for his excellent management.

The society met at Ye Olde Valley Inn on January twenty-second and partook of a six course dinner. President Shindler made a toast with "nature's champagne" and welcomed the members to the feast. Howard Coleman spoke on "Your Future," followed by George Motter's speech, "The Efficiency of Phi Sigma." Wilbur Wise then made a humorous speech followed by Insley Berlin's Phi Sigma magazine, "Who's Who in Phi Sigma." In this valuable document he remarked that although a good understanding was a true asset, Ralph Rochow would be a big boy if he didn't have so much turned under as feet. He also expressed the society's wishes and hopes that Ralph may be tall when he grows up.

After an ancient pun from Yoe, the President's curiosity got the better of him and he asked why

the fellows from the rural districts were always so far behind time, when someone reminded him that it takes sometime for the aforesaid jokes to reach the said rural districts. Everyone was satisfied and turned to the faculty for remarks. Professors Billheimer and Frantz suggested new activities and Dr. Ehrenfeld then made a long speech on the banquet in general and how he liked his part in particular.

The Phi Sigma orchestra rendered several selections and the society then gathered before an open fire and while the snow was falling on the ground and the wind whistling through the eaves of the old hostelry, they sang several songs. Great interest was maintained throughout the evening and it can safely be said that the banquet was a decided success.

PHI SIGMA OPEN MEETING

Ralph Rochow, in his new presidential role, selected committees and arranged for an open meeting to be held on the eighteenth of March in the school auditorium.

The meeting was called to order and Dr. Ehrenfeld made the presentation speech. The secretary called the roll and a short business session was held during which the society authorized the president to appoint three Faculty Judges. The president appointed Dr. Ehrenfeld, Prof. Frantz and Miss Van Dyke and the literary programme was then opened.

Philip Smith had an essay and Insley Berlin read the ever-popular magazine entitled "A Typical Phi Sigma Meeting" which showed originality, quick wit, and much preparation. Mr. Slenker then made an excellent oration on "Procrastination," showing its evils and exhorting everyone to avoid it.

The question for debate was, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment for Any Offences Should Be Abolished." The Affirmative side was upheld by Richard Kain and Wilbur Wise, and the negative by Philip Kable and George Motter.

Richard Kain, speaking first on the affirmative, showed that Capital Punishment was inexpedient, being both unnecessary and not a remedy. His argument was clear, concise, and convincing with many references. Philip Kable, negative, argued

that Capital Punishment had the sanction of the Bible, of History and of reason. Although he had no references, he had a fine form of delivery and a well prepared debate. Wilbur Wise then brought out objections of injustice and immorality in a debate which had many references. George Motter closed the debate and in a well prepared speech showed the successes of Capital Punishment.

There were only two rebuttals, the first by Philip Kable in which he refuted the Affirmative points and supported his own arguments. Richard Kain in his rebuttal showed the lack of fact and few references in the opposing arguments and closed the rebuttals. The decision was two-one for the Affirmative. The Affirmative side showed more research work but the teams were well matched. The affair was a success, showing the Phi Sigma spirit. The programme was well received by the audience and received nothing but favourable criticism.

The same team, Messers Kain, Kable and Wise with Mr. Motter as manager and alternate, challenged Franklin and Marshall, Harrisburg and Gettysburg Academies. Because of the lateness of the season no challenges were accepted but no discredit is due the team because while nothing was accomplished this year, this activity was re-instated and may be kept up in later years.

SECOND PHI SIGMA BANQUET

Through the untiring efforts of the new president, Wilbur Wise, and the committee in charge, the second banquet was held at Abbottstown, April the seventeenth. A course dinner was

served at the Altland House followed by a prepared program which was unanimously judged a success.

The party went in automobiles and the members of the society promptly began to stuff themselves when Stiles sent to Simon the order for "sand and sugar" at which George replied "Who? Me?" Then ensued a barrage of jokes upon the members in which all took part until the fine dinner was consumed.

The president, acting as toastmaster, introduced the first speaker of the evening, George Motter. The speech was entitled, "Citizenship and Phi Sigma" and pointed out the rights and obligations arising from membership in the Phi Sigma society. Ralph Rochow then made a humorous address which although over the heads of most of the members, was well prepared and contained many excellent jokes and plays on words. Professor Frantz then spoke on the chances of having a bigger and better society next year, followed by the magazine by Lawrence Buchart. Richard Kain then reviewed the year's activities, followed by Dr. Ehrenfeld's speech. In this address the president of the school spoke of his great love for the society and the program closed with a vote of thanks to the President, to the Toastmaster and to the Chairman of the Committee.

The society then broke loose from the table and after looking about the hotel and hearing a few selections by the orchestra, departed and like the Arabs "silently stole away." According to some, the fun ended in certain near-by towns but that is only a suspicion. However—



Gratis Club

Charlotte Bear
Virginia Birchall
Katharine Crozier
Susan Eisenhart
Mary Frances Frick
Georgiana Geesey

Frances Grumbacher
Louise Jessop
Evelyn Kottmeier
Virginia Lee
Jean McLaughlin
Carolyn Pfaltzgraff

Rosina Plonk
Katherine Rea
Mary Ruby
Catharine Rudisill
Josephine Sneeringer
Ruth Zech

The Gratis Club was organized in 1921. The aim of the club is charity. It was started for the purpose of distributing baskets of food to poor families at Christmas and Easter. The members are drawn from the girls of the first, second and third forms.

The work of the club this year was not resumed until after Christmas. At the first meeting, the following officers were elected: President, Charlotte L. Bear; Vice-President, Virginia Birchall; Secretary, Susan H. Eisenhart; Treasurer, Frances M. Grumbacher. Business matters were discussed and the meeting adjourned.

In the second meeting, an initiation was held in which eight girls were admitted to the club. The

following were initiated: Georgiana Geesey, Louise Jessop, Evelyn Kottmeier, Jean McLaughlin, Carolyn Pfaltzgraff, Rosina Plonk, Katherine Rea, and Josephine Sneeringer.

The third meeting was held March 18. Business matters were discussed. The usual program was carried out, namely, a story, a fable and moral, a poem, and a play were read. The meeting adjourned.

At the fourth meeting, the officers for the coming year were elected. The following were chosen: President, Virginia Birchall; Vice-President Katherine Rea; Secretary, Georgiana Geesey; Treasurer, Jean McLaughlin.

—CHARLOTTE BEAR



School Orchestra

Insley Berlin	Roger Schwartz
Lawrence Buchart	Philip Smith
William Emenheiser	Wilbert Steffy
Edward Kauffman	Kenneth Stallman
Clair Kreidler	John Throne
George Motter, III	Wilbur Wise
Richard Moul	William Wogan, Jr

Girls' Popularity Contest

Most Popular—Lucille Walker
 2nd—Frances Mundorf
Prettiest—Katharine Crozier
 2nd—Virginia Birchall
Funniest—Jeannette Tønning
 2nd — { Mary Frances Frick
 { Georgiana Geesey
Most Serious—Sarah McDonald
 2nd—Gladys Walker
Most Studious—Elizabeth Bear
 2nd—Susan Eisenhart
Least Studious—Catharine Rudisill
 2nd—Dorothy Barber
Wittiest—Jeannette Tønning
 2nd—Virginia Broomell
Laziest—Dorothy Barber
 2nd—Catharine Rudisill
Best Natured—Grace Cobbey
 2nd—Elva Heathcote
Peppiest—Jeannette Tønning
 2nd—Frances Mundorf
Most School Spirit—Lucille Walker
 2nd—Virginia Lee

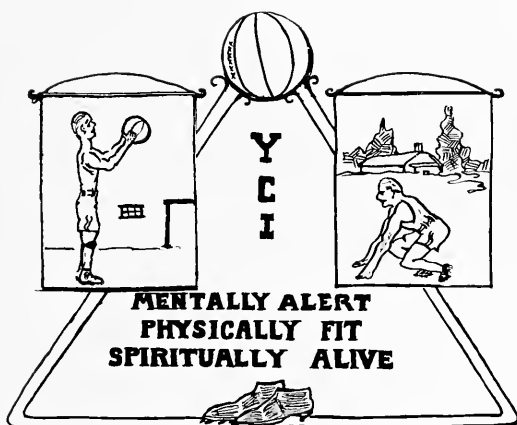
Cutest—Virginia Lee
 2nd— { Miriam Hershey
 { Virginia Birchall
Best Sport—Louise Hoff
 2nd—Lucille Walker
Most Blase—Marguerite Rea
 2nd—Virginia Lee
Most Optimistic—Frances Mundorf
 2nd—Elizabeth Gross
Most Pessimistic—Gladys Walker
 2nd—Harriet Barcroft
Sillest—Virginia Lee
 2nd—Marguerite Rea
Quietest—Sarah McDonald
 2nd—Saline Hershey
Noisiest—Jeannette Tønning
 2nd—Catharine Rudisill
Best Athlete—Margaret Minnic
 2nd—Louise Hoff
Best Dressed—Elizabeth Bear
 2nd—Elva Heathcote
Cleverest—Dorothy Barber
 2nd—Lucille Walker
Least Sophisticated—Elva Heathcote
 2nd—Bess Sittler

Boys' Popularity Contest

Most Popular—Ralph Tipping
 2nd — { Clair Kreidler
 { Ralph Rochow
Handsome—Ralph Tipping
 2nd—George Motter
Funniest—Jay Regar
 2nd—William Wogan
Most Serious—William Stock
 2nd—Robert Geasey
Most Studious—Philip Kable
 2nd—Clair Kreidler
Least Studious—Philip Boyer
 2nd—Charles Spahr
Wittiest—Jay Regar
 2nd—Richard Kain
Laziest—Charles Spahr
 2nd—Philip Boyer

Best Natured—Ralph Tipping
 2nd—George Motter
Peppiest—Jay Regar
 2nd—Wilbur Wise
Most School Spirit—Wilbur Wise
 2nd—Richard Kain
Most Collegiate—Ralph Tipping
 2nd — { Roger Schwartz
 { William Wogan
Best Sport—Ralph Tipping
 2nd — { Richard Moul
 { Jay Regar
Most Blase—Howard Coleman
 2nd—Robert Geasey
Most Optimistic—George Motter
 2nd—William Wogan

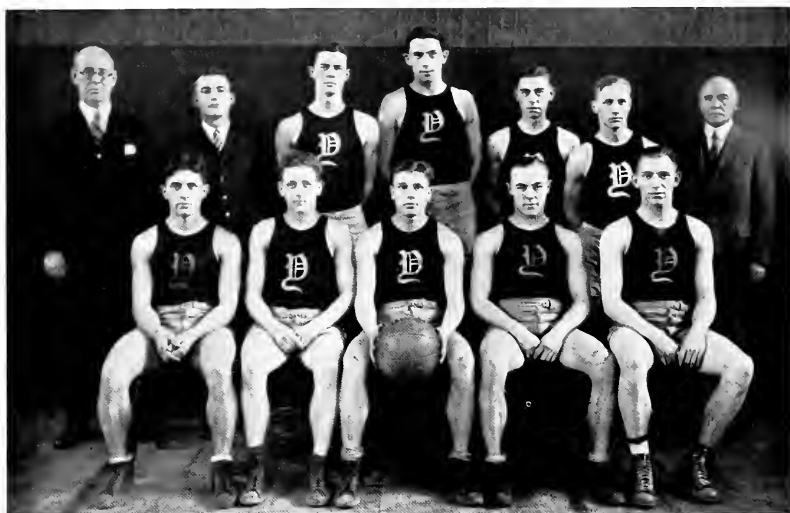
Most Pessimistic—William Wogan
 2nd—Le Roy Weitzel
Silliest—Charles Spahr
 2nd—Millard Stiles
Quietest—John Smith
 2nd—George Motter
Noisiest—William Wogan
 2nd—Wilbur Wise
Best Athlete—Jay Regar
 2nd—Robert Geasey
Best Dressed—Roger Schwartz
 2nd—Ralph Tipping
Cleverest—Insley Berlin
 2nd—Robert Geasey
Least Sophisticated—Roger Schwartz
 2nd—Lawrence Buchart



ATHLETICS

TEAMS

VARSITY JUNIOR VARSITY TRACK



Varsity Basket Ball Team
1924-1925



Junior Varsity Basket Ball Team
1924-1925

Basket Ball

By ROBERT GEASEY

Athletics, one of the biggest things in the school life of any red-blooded American boy, play an important part in the workings of the York Collegiate Institute. And because of this, the Orange and White has forged to the front in this high school activity with great rapidity.

In sports we learn the idea of fair play and sportsmanship, and not only these, but also perseverance. Although a man may not make the varsity team the first year or even the second, he forms the habit of sticking to it until he does make the grade. He learns to take the hard knocks which are always prevalent in sports, and when he enters the greatest game of all, "The Game of Life," the knocks and buffets he receives will not set him back as far as they would have, had he not gone in for school sports. And by these various achievements he develops not only a winning spirit, but also a school spirit. This spirit is prevalent at the York Collegiate Institute.

The athletic teams have received the spiritual offerings of the school body and have gone out and conquered things that they never have won before. During the year, 1924, the track team won first place in its class at the Penn Relays, while the basketball team also captured the title of the Eastern Pennsylvania Preparatory School League.

It is our earnest hope that the spirit which is invested in the York Collegiate Institute students this year will prevail throughout many more years.

The first call for basketball candidates was made by Coach Bilheimer late in October, and nearly thirty boys responded to the notice. This is a large squad of aspirants, considering the size of the student body. Among the candidates, were many boys from nearby high schools. Dick Fisher, Bethlehem High, Regar and Miller, Reading High, and Larkin, York High, were the aspiring boys for the forward berths, while George Stubblebine also from the Reading High School was the only candidate for the center post. Clair Wallick, who captained the York High School team in 1922 which ended the winning of the Institute players by handing them a defeat in an extra period

game, Geasey from Germantown High, and Morrison from Darby High were the leading players for the guard positions, while Ralph Tipping, who played guard for the championship Penn Tournament five, West Philadelphia, was added to the list of candidates a week later. The team had only one veteran remaining from the preceding season, "Judge" Kohler, and he was a welcome addition to the team, as "Judge" was a steady player at all stages of the game. Leroy Dissinger, the star guard on the 1923-24 team, was expected to return to school, but decided to enter the business world.

Although the Orange and White squad lost the services of Charley Miller, who terminated his school career shortly before the Thanksgiving Holidays, they progressed rapidly, and it was not long before a varsity team, was picked. This team had very few changes during the entire season. The team picked to start the opening game was, Fisher and Kohler forwards, Stubblebine center and Geasey and Wallick guards. This was a combination, which was fast, could shoot and pass with the best of any team around these parts, but their stature handicapped them considerably.

Shortly before the first game, Robert Geasey, formerly of Germantown High School, was selected to captain the team in the first game, and after the game with Columbia High he was again elected, to pilot the team throughout the entire season.

Although the season of 1924-25 was not as successful as the past years, nevertheless the Orange and White players displayed a brand of basket-ball which was typical of the York Collegiate fives of the past years. The team won thirteen games and dropped eight, which gives an average of slightly over .600 percent.

The teams which bowed to the prowess of the Bilheimer-coached quintet were, Columbia High, Alumni, Washington Central High, Lehigh Freshman, Dickinson Junior Varsity, Allentown Prep, Harrisburg Tech, University of Pennsylvania Freshman, Wenonah Military Academy, Perkio-men, Wyoming Seminary, and Franklin and Marshall Academy.

Those teams which defeated the school five this year were, Gettysburg Freshman, Harrisburg Tech, Wyoming Seminary, Perkiomen, Penn State Freshman, Franklin and Marshall Academy, Washington Central High, and the New York Military Academy five, in the Penn Tournament.

A short review of the games is as follows.

York Collegiate did not play its best against the Columbia High School and only managed to win out in the last few minutes, by a five point margin. Wallick and Fisher starred for York Collegiate.

The Alumni, with a fairly strong five, visited the gymnasium and were defeated by a very large score. The home team flashed a brand of basketball which reminded the spectators of the past Orange and White teams.

Washington Central High School, the runners up in the high school division of the Penn Tournament last winter, was the third straight victim for the York team. The game was a purely defensive one, with both teams using this mode of play to win. Wallick and Tipping were the leading lights in this victory.

The first game after the Christmas vacation was the Lehigh Freshman game, played early in January. Billy Billmeyer, who was a star track man at the York school last year, captained the college yearling five. They were defeated decisively, with Stubblebine, Wallick, and Robinson, who played his first fray for the York team, playing brilliantly for the winners.

The fifth game of the season proved to be the Waterloo for the Orange and White players. Gettysburg College Freshman, with a group of varsity players came, saw, and conquered the Bilheimer-coached machine. Our boys played a bang-up game but could not get through the defense which the battlefield boys displayed. Wallick, the burly guard played the best for York. Haller, with four field goals, was the scoring ace for the college team.

For the first time in the history of athletic relations with the York Collegiate Institute, the Harrisburg Tech basketball five took our team into camp after a fierce battle in the Capital city. After being behind by ten points in the first ten minutes, the Orange and White players got

together and after a time out started to rain in field goals with uncanny accuracy, and led the first half by one point. But in the second period, the visitors went bad, and thus the victory for the high school lads.

Although two defeats would dishearten any club, the Orange and White players came back next game, and conquered the Dickinson junior varsity team, which held a victory over the York Collegiate team of last year. The team played together for the first time this season, and it was this team-play which won out for the Bilheimer machine. Tipping, with a field goal in the last minute, was the real hero of the game, but Clair Wallick played the game of his life that night, and not only netted five field goals, but also held his man scoreless, which is a feat which is seldom accomplished in basketball circles.

Eager to stage a comeback after that great victory over the Carlisle team, the home team came back and trounced the Allentown Prep in the first game of the Eastern Pennsylvania Preparatory School League, with the York Collegiate Institute team defending its title. The team came through splendidly and won out by about ten points. Stubblebine was the high scorer for the York team.

Penn State College Freshman team with Eddie Baron, our last year's captain at the helm of the Blue and White team, administered to our team the worst defeat of the season. Eddie was the star of the fray with two beautiful field goals and four fouls. Lungren, who was a team mate of Geasey of the York team, also played brilliantly for the college team.

The next night we traveled over three hundred miles to Wilkes-Barre to meet the Wyoming Seminary five, in a league game. After a hard fought game the home team came through with a six point victory. Wallick and Fisher played the best for the York team.

The following week, we again took a trip, and in the first game of the trip we encountered the Allentown Prep. School club, for the second time. After trailing by three points the first half, the Orange and White team came back and staged a rally which won for us. Stubblebine and Tipping scintillated for York. The next day we met Perkiomen School, and they, like Harrisburg Tech,

gave York Collegiate its first defeat in years. They won out by a scant three points.

But as earlier in the season, the Institute players staged a come back and trimmed the Harrisburg Tech, and University of Pennsylvania fives in the same week. The first game, with the Harrisburg team, was a thriller, and Tipping duplicated his feat of the Dickinson game and made a field goal in the crucial minutes of play which won for us. Wallick also helped in this win.

Penn Freshmen, with Sid Hummel as their pilot, came to York bent on giving the home team the first trouncing that a Red and Blue team had given our school for the past three seasons. But they were sadly disappointed as the York team played up to its usual standard and came through with flying colors to an easy victory.

But after this brilliant week, the York team suffered a relapse and dropped its next two frays, the first to our "friendly enemies," Franklin and Marshall Academy and the second to Washington Central High School of Washington D. C. who came here instead of the Princeton Fresh. five which was unable to make the trip.

The F. and M. game was a thriller through-out with the York team leading the first half, and in fact throughout the entire game with the exception of the last five minutes, when the Lancaster team made a spurt and caught up to the Orange and White players, and tied the score with less than a minute to play. In the first extra five minute period, each team scored a field goal, and they were again tied. In the second over-time period, Montgomery, the lanky, center on the F. and M. team, came through with a field goal and this double-decker took the game away from the York team, and practically cost them the championship. Regar and Wallick were the stars of this fray.

The York team lost another tough assignment to the Washington Central team on the Coliseum floor. Despite the fact that it had beaten the Washington team earlier in the year, the York team could not prevent wonderful shots which the Capital boys made in this game, and the Orange and White players lost out by two points. Regar with three field goals, and Wallick the guard played best for York Collegiate.

In the next four games, the York team found itself

again, and swept its opponents off their feet with its marvelous playing. Although this spurt was a little late in the season it showed the followers of the York team what kind of basketball the York team was capable of producing. Perkiomen, Wyoming Seminary, Wenonah, and Franklin and Marshall all bowed to the prowess of the Orange and White team. The Perkiomen game was a noteworthy achievement, as the York players held the Pennsboro lads to a lone field goal throughout the entire forty minutes. The visiting club only managed to garner eight points, so excellent was the defensive play of the York team. Every member of the York team scintillated.

The Franklin and Marshall game, which was to decide the championship of the league, was played in the school gymnasium, and with the largest crowd of the season viewing the contest, the York players defeated their rivals by a one point margin, and thus caused a tie for the league championship among Wyoming Seminary, York Collegiate and Franklin and Marshall Academy.

The York Collegiate team entered the Penn Tourney, and in the very first round encountered the favorites of the games, New York Military Academy. The York team led the first half by a four point margin, but tired out in the final twenty minutes and the New York Club won by five points. Thus ended the season of 1924-25 for the York Collegiate Institute basketballers.

Dick Fisher, the former Bethlehem High School boy, won the high scoring honors for the season with thirty-seven field goals, and forty foul goals to his credit, for a total of one hundred and fourteen points. Fisher played in every game with the exception of one and only twice was kept scoreless.

The fact that his play has been consistent throughout the season and on an even balance most of the way, kept him from reaching any heights of stardom. His goals in each of the field and foul departments out-number that of any of his opponents.

Jay Regar, the little Reading speedster, who only in the last four or five games seemed to hit his stride, might have been a close contender had the season contained a few more games. In the last few games he spurted remarkably in his scoring so that his total of ninety is second best.

Captain Geasey was the only player on the squad to start every game of the season.

Ralph Tipping, who will be the only player returning next year, showed great form in the games he played this season, and should develop next year into one of the best players that has ever represented York Collegiate.

The summary follows:

Player	Games	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Total Points
Fisher.....	20	37	40x75	114
Regar.....	19	28	34x59	90
Stubblebine.....	20	25	26x43	76
Wallick.....	19	24	18x44	66
Tipping.....	19	19	26x43	64
Geasey (Captain).....	21	19	15x28	53
Robinson.....	15	15	11x28	41
Kohler.....	13	9	7x15	25
Larkin.....	6	4	4x9	12
Morrison.....	3	2	0x0	4
Allabach.....	1	0	0x0	0

GAME RECORDS

Y. C. I.		Opponents
20	Columbia High	15
56	Alumni	14
15	Washington Central High School	10
35	Lehigh Freshman	18
18	Gettysburg Freshman	28
30	*Harrisburg Tech.	38
26	Dickinson Junior Varsity	24
22	Allentown Prep.†	13
13	Penn State Freshman	28
16	*Wyoming Seminary†	22
25	*Allentown Prep.†	18
18	*Perkiomen Seminary†	21
30	Harrisburg Tech.	27
30	University of Pennsylvania Fresh.	22
26	*Franklin and Marshall Academy†	28
35	Washington Central High	37
28	Wenonah Military Academy	24
32	Perkiomen Seminary†	8
29	Wyoming Seminary†	27
18	Franklin and Marshall Academy†	17
21	New York Military Academy†	26

543 465
 *Denotes games away; . denotes League games; †Penn Tourney Games.

The York Collegiate Institute Junior team, which has been one main reason for the success of the Y. C. I. varsity basketball team, had a very eventful season, during 1924-25. Out of games played the Juniors captured thirteen and dropped four to their opponents. This is by far the most successful season that a second team at the Institute has ever achieved.

When the call for candidates was issued in the latter part of October by Coach Bilheimer, four regulars from the previous year's team reported.

They were, Ralph Rochow, center; Philip Boyer, who led the York County Scholastic League in scoring during the season 1923-24, and Clair Kreidler forwards; and Red Wogan, guard. With this quartet as a nucleus, Bilheimer had the makings of a good quintet and the way the boys played throughout the entire season exceeded even Coach Bilheimer's highest hopes. To round out the team, Clair Allabach, from York High, made a guard position and was selected to lead the Juniors. But "Whitey" soon made the varsity squad and Ralph Rochow was appointed helmsman.

After leading the York County Scholastic League for three quarters of the season, the team did not fare so well on the home stretch and dropped two games in a row, and thus caused the downfall of the Junior combination, and it had to be content with third position, Spring Grove and Wrights ville High finishing ahead of it. The Yorkers dropped three frays in the circuit, losing out to Spring Grove twice and Wrightsville High once.

The boys were more successful in their outside games, winning all but one, that loss being sustained at the hands of Columbia High School quintet which earlier in the year had held the first team to a five-point victory.

Among the teams defeated by the Juniors were St. Mary's second team, Troop 15, Keystone Roofing Company and York County Academy.

Philip Boyer, who led the team in scoring last season had the honor of leading his team mates again this season with a total of 105 markers.

The scores of the games are as follows:

Y. C. I.	Opponents
15	Red Lion
37	West York High
17	Wrightsville High
30	Glen Rock High
11	Red Lion High
16	Glen Rock High
14	Spring Grove High School
17	Spring Grove High
18	Spring Grove High
23	West York High School
35	York County Academy
27	St. Mary's Second Team
20	St. Mary's Second Team
34	Keystone Roofing Company
23	Troop 15
24	Columbia High School

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Track

BY ROBERT GEASEY

With four runners of exceptional ability, the York Collegiate Institute hopes to repeat its feat of 1924, when the relay quartet went to Philadelphia, and won its class in that great carnival. With Howard Coleman and William Kelly from West Catholic High School of Philadelphia, Clair Allabach and George Miller from York High, Coach Bilheimer has a quartet of runners which will form the best relay team in the East. All are capable of doing the 440 in less than 54 seconds, and they hope to break the mark of 3 minutes, 38 and $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds set up by the relay team last season.

These four runners will also take part in other events. Miller will run the 100 and 220-yard dashes, while Coleman will take part in the furlong also, and Allabach is slated to compete in the century with Miller. These three runners have made a name for themselves in these events in high school, and they should bring many honors to the Orange and White institution this spring.

Jay Regar, the flashy basketball star, will run the mile, while Robert Geasey will be the York School's hope in the half mile. Both of these runners need experience, but right now look to be promising and they should garner several points for the school in the meets this season.

Ralph Rochow has been putting the shot with success, and will place in many meets this season. Geasey has also been putting the shot a good distance.

Clair Kreidler, and Billy Stock are Bilheimer's hope in the high jump. If they come through, the Orange and White mentor will have a burden off his shoulders. George Motter, who has had some experience in the pole vault, has been doing over nine feet, which should place in any meet.

Ralph Tipping, another basketball player, is another promising candidate for the cinder path squad. He will run the sprints.

All in all, the prospects for a successful track season are very bright.



(Cheer Leader, PAUL SPANGLER)

Fight, Y. C. I.; fight, Y. C. I.
 Fight, fight, fight, fight,
 Y. C. I., fight.

Rah, rah, rah,
 Y. C. I.,
 Rah, rah, rah,
 Y. C. I.

Etc. (*Locomotive*)

Boom, boom, boom

Bow, wow, wow

Boomalacka, chikalacka

Chow, chow, chow

He he he, ha, ha, ha

Y. C. I., Y. C. I., rah, rah, rah

Acka lacka ching

Acka lacka chow

Acka lacka ching-ching

Chow chow chow

Boomalacka, boomalacka

Sis boom ba

Y. C. I., Y. C. I., rah, rah, rah

Ray, Y. C. I.
 Fight,——Fight

Who ray, Y. C. I.
 Who ray, Y. C. I.
 Who ray, Y. C. I.
 Team, team, team

Chikee, Chihi, chaha-ha-ha
 Y. C. I., Y. C. I., rah, rah, rah
 Chikee, chihi, chaha-ha-ha
 Y. C. I., Y. C. I., rah, rah, rah;—(Pause)
 Whawho, whawho, whawho why
 Biff bang bomerang, Y. C. I.

TUNE: *U. S. Field Artillery March*—SOUSA
 Y. C. I., Y. C. I.,

To the sky we raise our cry,
 For ol' Y. C. I. is winning tonight.

Not on track, nor on field,
 Nor in basketball we'll yield,
 For ol' Y. C. I. is winning tonight.

Then it's hi, hi, hee,
 For Y. C. I. you see—
 Fling out your colors, brave and strong.

(Yell) Orange and White!

Where'er you go
 You must surely know
 That, ol' Y. C. I.

Is winning
 Tonight! (Yell) Yip!

TUNE: *On Wisconsin!*
 Onward Y. C. I., onward Y. C. I.
 See our colors fly.
 Drop the ball right in the basket;
 Listen to our cry:
 (Yell) U-rah, rah!
 Onward, Y. C. I., onward Y. C. I.
 Fight on for our fame;
 Fight, fellows, fight, fight, fight;
 We'll win this game.

TUNE: (Chapel Song) "Victory"

Let us praise our team with all our might,
 They've brought glory to the Orange and White;
 Pluck and Fight have won the Victory.
 Victory! Victory! Naught else may they see!
 On! On! turning each defeat;
 On! On! finding Victory sweet;

On! On! always fighting on for Victory!
 On! On! On that floor to win;
 On! On! Through the thick and thin;
 On! On! Fight for Victory for
 Dear old Y. C. I.

ATHLETICS





THE BLACK TEAM



THE RED TEAM

Girls' Athletics

By LOUISE HOFF

Basketball was the most popular sport among the girls of Y. C. I. this year. Instead of having a 'Varsity team to play teams from other schools, our gym teacher and basketball coach, Miss Frances Polack, who is one of our own graduates, divided the gym class into two teams, the Red team and the Black team. A series of five basketball games of which the Reds won the majority, was arranged between them.

The Blacks elected as their captain Elva Heathcote, a Junior. The captain of the Reds was Margaret Minnich, a member of the class of '27. These two captains and Louise Hoff, manager of the girls' athletics, formed the Athletic Board.

The first basketball game was played early in December. The team work of both the Reds and the Blacks was very good considering the fact that it was the first game of the season. The Reds proved superior by winning the contest. The final score was 10-4.

In the second game the Blacks put forth their best efforts and the game ended with the score in their favor. The team work on both teams was much better than that in the first game. The final score of this contest was 21-14.

A few days after this defeat the Reds decided to have a mascot. Mary Bilheimer, Mr. Bilheimer's daughter, was elected and brought good luck to the Reds.

The Reds staged a comeback in the next game and overcame an 8-2 lead which the Blacks gained in the first quarter. The score was 9-all when the half was over. The next half was very close and exciting but during the last quarter the Reds forged ahead to gain a lead which the Blacks could not overcome. The final score was 18-13.

The next game, which was also the last one, was the most interesting. The Blacks had won one game and the Reds two. If the Reds were to

win they would have the majority of games but if the Blacks were to win a fifth game would be necessary. The final score was 18-14 with the Reds in the lead.

This finished the real basketball season for the girls for 1924-25. Much experience in the game was gained. The spirit shown throughout the season was another example of the true Y. C. I. spirit.

The summary of the scores is:

Reds	Blacks
10	4
14	21
18	13
18	14
—	—
Total	60
	52

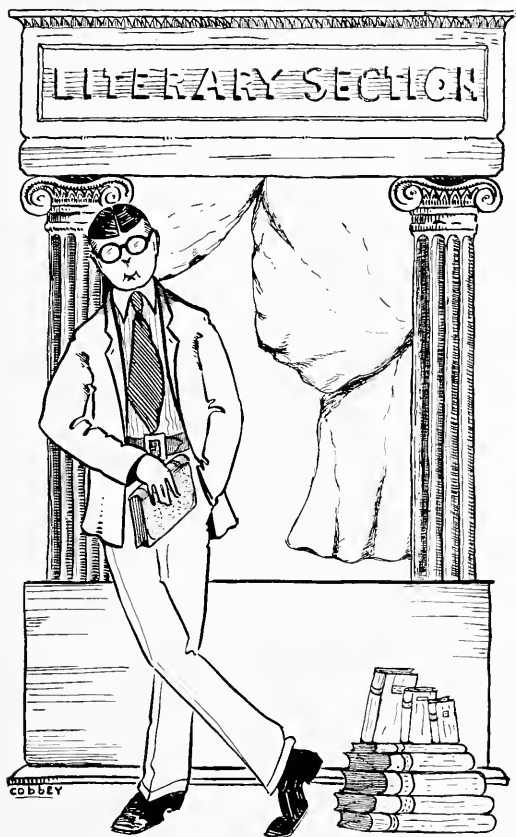
The following girls took part in the games:

REDS	BLACKS
Virginia Broomell—C	Charlotte Bear—F
Virginia Elliott—G	Elizabeth Bear—F
Sarah Faust—G	Mary Garrett—G
Mary Frances Frick—F	Elva Heathcote—C
Louise Hoff—F	Gladys Knaub—G
Louise Jessop—S.C.	Katharine Rea—F
Margaret Minnich—G	Marguerite Rea—F
Gladys Strack—S.C.	Mary Ruby—F
Gladys Walker—G, C, F	Gertrude Shedrick—G
	Ruth Zech—S.C.

The following girls have won their "Y's" in basketball:

REDS	BLACKS
Virginia Broomell	Charlotte Bear
Mary Frances Frick	Elizabeth Bear
Louise Hoff	Mary Garrett
Margaret Minnich	Elva Heathcote
Gladys Strack	Gladys Knaub
Gladys Walker	Ruth Zech





"La Belle Dame Sans Merci"

By MARGUERITE REA, '25

Jules Faguet, a tall young man with dark hair and grey eyes, as he walked homeward down Canal Street of New Orleans, thought about Louis Rouarie and what he had said about Carmelita, his sister. Carmelita, it appeared, was struggling to keep up their little home in Poitiers, and to keep an old nurse and herself alive. Louis was sending her the greater part of his salary, but even that did not give much help to Carmelita, for the price of food in France was atrocious. "Carmelita Rouarie, *quel joli nom!*" mused Jules, "I wonder if she's as pretty as her name . . . but . . ." But he did not forget her. That night, when he was sitting on the *portique* of his dwelling place and looking down at the crowd of lovely Creole women, he imagined Carmelita in the throng. She would have dusky hair and black eyes, and, perhaps, a fluttering dress of scarlet. She would laugh and sing, and the young Creole men would crowd around her. Then her Jules Faguet would come pushing the others aside to claim her!

The next morning at work, Jules noticed how tired poor Louis looked. Louis said he was tired and it was the first time Jules had ever heard him say it. As the day wore on, Louis grew more tired and finally when the work was over he cried, "*C'est fini! Que je suis content!*" He certainly did not look well and Jules, his heart full of pity, walked home with him. As they neared the house, Louis leaned on Jules' arm and Jules, glancing at him, thought he looked worse.

The days went on and Louis remained in his shabby room, too weak to work. Jules came in, often, to see him, bringing fruit or something good for him to eat. Finally, there came a day when the doctor told Jules that Louis was failing rapidly and that there was no hope for him. Then Louis began to realize how sick he was and he called Jules to his side and handed him a picture. "Carmelita," he murmured.

"Carmelita!" Jules glanced at it quickly and gasped, "*Mais, c'est la belle dame!*" For indeed Carmelita was far more beautiful than Jules had ever imagined.

"Carmelita, you'll take care of her, *n'est-ce pas?*" muttered Louis. Jules hastened to give him his promise and smiling sadly, Louis sank back and closed his eyes.

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried Jules. "*Il est mort!*"

So to Jules there was left the painful duty of writing to Carmelita to tell her of her brother's death. In the next few months, the letters grew more frequent, until in one Jules wrote, "*Je te donnerai l'argent pour venir au Etats-Unis, si tu le veux.*" And Carmelita announced that she, indeed, was willing, for she was alone now, her old nurse having died.

At last came the day of Carmelita's arrival in New Orleans! Jules rose early and waited impatiently for the train. "Will it come, *jamais?*" he thought. "*Je l'attends avec impatience.*" Suddenly he saw the train and eagerly, too eagerly, perhaps, he rushed up to it. Then a beautiful girl appeared, looking bewildered and her dark eyes glowing with excitement.

"Carmelita!" cried Jules. "*C'est toi!*"

"Jules! *C'est vous?*"

How beautiful she looked there in the morning light, smiling at Jules! As they walked out of the station, people turned to look at them, Jules, his eager young face full of happiness and Carmelita, the lovely French girl, by his side.

Jules took her to Madame Jeanne's house, for it was there that she was to stay while she was in America.

"*Merci bien, mon cher Jules,*" she said in parting. "*Vous etes trop aimable.*"

That evening, Jules went to Madame Jeanne's house and, when he was near, he saw Carmelita, on the *portique*, waving to him. True she did not have the fluttering scarlet dress he had imagined her in, but otherwise she was a complete fulfillment of his dreams. "Oh, Carmelita!" he sighed. . . . But Henri Crepin, a nephew of Madame Jeanne, was there.

In the next few weeks, Jules saw Carmelita and Henri together very often, and he thought it was because Carmelita was being kind to Madame

Jeanne's nephew. In spite of this, Jules became a frequent visitor at Madame Jeanne's house. He and Carmelita understood each other so well and had so much in common! How joyful he was that his dream was coming true at last!

Then all the Creole women began to prepare for their annual fete. It was to be *un jour de fete, le Mardi-Gras!* Carmelita had promised Jules to wear a scarlet dress, smiling as she said, "*Une robe eclartate? Mais oui, certainement, si tu le veux.*"

Le Mardi-Gras! All New Orleans was in a fever of excitement. Was it not *le Mardi-gras, un jour de fete?* Everybody was there, *tout-le-monde*, filling the streets with a dancing throng and filling the air with *des chansons gaies?* Now, surely, Jules would ask Carmelita to marry him! He would let the young Creole men crowd around her and then, just as he had dreamed, he would push them aside and Carmelita would choose him from the great crowd! So, eagerly, he hastened to the *rendez-vous* and there was Carmelita, in her fluttering scarlet dress with a bright flower in her dark hair. How beautiful she was and what a lovely smile she gave Jules! But was it Jules to whom she smiled? No! It was Henri Crepin who was standing behind Jules! Henri Crepin! And not he, Jules Faguet!

"Henri!" she called. "*Mon cher Henri!*"

Amazed Jules drew back. Henri Crepin! Was it possible? And then he saw Henri and Carmelita leave the fete together. She was playing a joke on him, perhaps, for she, Carmelita, who had spoken to him so kindly and who had told Madame Jeanne that he was such a fine man, could not have done this, on *le jour de fete!* Was Jules to be made a fool of? Was it a joke? But, hardly, for now he heard voices behind him.

"Carmelita, *la belle dame*, eloped with Henri Crepin, *vous les avez vus, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Oui, they are so happy! *C'est une bonne chose!*"

Une bonne chose! Happy! His dream gone! Oh, if he could but lay his hands on Henri's throat strangle him! Henri Crepin . . . the wretch . . . but . . . did not Carmelita love him? Then could Jules kill him? Could he make Carmelita unhappy? Never! . . . Henri Crepin! She had chosen him at *le Mardi-Gras* and not him, Jules Faguet, who had dreamed of her there in her fluttering scarlet dress! Carmelita might be happy at least. His clenched fist relaxed and, crushed, he left the crowd. "Carmelita," he murmured, "*je t'aime! Ma chere Carmelita! Oh la belle dame! La belle dame . . . sans merci!*"

Dad and I

BY VIRGINIA METZGAR

When I was a very little girl
I used to go walking with my Dad.
Sunday! Yes, that was the day for me,
The day of days when Dad was free.

He always bought me a red balloon
That seemed to me as big as the moon,
And he always took me to a shop
And gave me a glass of ginger-pop.

He took me out in the country, too,
Where buttercups gold and daisies grew,
And on one big bridge we used to stand
And watch the ships—it was Fairyland.

Dad went away when I was quite small.
I think that I missed him most of all;
Although I have seen most every sight
Since I was such a little mite,

I often long for those Sunday walks,
My big red balloon—our simple talks;
And I've sought, but I never seem to find
Those curious, old streets that used to wind

To that wondrous bridge on which we stood,
And that flower-filled meadow by the wood—
Yet if I found them the tears would start,
I think it would almost break my heart.

Success

By JAY REGAR

Do not sorrow at my loss,
 My tasks were all in vain.
 I loved success with all my heart
 But fear stood in its way.

I tarried and I toiled each day
 For better or for worse
 But success came not to me
 To others it gave all.

I was confused in everything,
 All earthly rights seemed wrong.
 I cheered and sobbed each new born day.
 Hoping to help my self along.

But alas! The day awakens
 For in the dawn success I see.
 I know my prayers were answered,
 O God, I've learned to love and cherish Thee!

Our Gang

By INSLEY BERLIN

Gee, but I'd give the world to see that old gang
 again,
 The fellows who made up Phi Sig, the boys who
 who now are men.
 Good sports they were, both true and fine, and I
 remember through the years
 How they always stuck together, in work or play,
 in fun or tears.

As I think of the days that are dead and gone, a
 lump in my throat does arise
 For the old friends I made so long ago, but I al-
 ways quickly surmise
 That because in their youth they showed promise
 of fame, surely leaders they are
 Each in his chosen calling, going ahead with his
 wagon hitched to a star.

And although they have drifted apart so that each
 may seek
 His own success and fortune, every hour, day,
 and week,
 I know there's a certain something that through
 snow or rain or sun
 Securely binds them together in a spirit that is one

So may it be that before we come to the end of
 this life and its joys
 That once again we shall meet somewhere with a
 banquet for the boys,
 Face to face in a jolly reunion, and as ever, our
 heads held high,
 For rich or poor I know each one has kept the
 Spirit of Y. C. I.

Spring

By MARIAN R. STEIN

When the birds begin to warble
 And the sky is soft and blue,
 When the wind is gently blowing
 And the brook is swiftly flowing,
 When the sun is warmly glowing
 And the swelling buds are bursting
 And the sweet arbutus blooming,
 Then the whole world feels like living
 And it's spring
 It's spring.

My Hobby

BY VIRGINIA BROOMELL

(Scene laid in a lonely tavern on the English Coast.)

Sit down, sir. A wild night outside, is it not? Such a fire as this, that is never tired of roaring up the chimney, is a comfort to a man's bones on such nights, when the wind and the sea are at odds, and play havoc with a ship not safe in harbor! But my blood needs warming, too. Come, we'll have some wine. 'Tis not often I can talk with a gentleman of leisure like myself. Ho, boy! Your best, the price is ready.

You must have travelled far. From London? Beshrew me, this is luck! You shall tell me of the latest fads and foibles, the reigning beauty and the reigning politicians, of the king and his court, and the news of the land! Aye, I am a stranger. French? I suppose you might call it that. That is where I was born at least, in Picardy, years ago. Here is the wine. Come, sir, drink with me to Picardy—Picardy in spring!

My hobby! What a question! The hobbies of most men seem to be collecting swords nowadays. Well-ah-um, I suppose you might call mine collecting gems. From all the corners of the earth have I gathered them, beautiful, sparkling things with histories, sometimes, as black as midnight, all kinds and all sizes, diamonds, rubies as red as this wine, emeralds like the sea, and sapphires.

Well I remember one sapphire. It belonged to an old French family. It was a big, clear, perfect stone, of a blue like an April sky, and in an ancient gold setting. One spring night they gave a ball in the old chateau and the daughter wore the sapphire in her hair. Well I remember the moonlight, clear white moonlight over all the gardens, light as day. She gave it to me that night—with some persuasion, it is true.

I sailed that night. There was a stiff wind, and we were well on our way when the sky darkened, the clouds gathered, and a storm broke. The wind lashed the waves into demoniac fury, and the boat rocked like an eggshell. I was in my cabin, drinking steadily and forgetful of all things save the jewel in my hand. The cabin lamp, an old silver

one from Spain, swung to and fro as the ship reeled and dipped in the storm. Outside the men were shouting; a mate popped his head inside for orders. I barked back a brief reply and turned back to gloat over the sapphire. What cared I for the ship, the storm, when I held that glowing beauty in my hand! I held it under the light and turned it to and fro to catch the sparkle and gleam in its blue depths. I poured myself another glass of wine, drained it off, and lapsed into a stupid lethargy, gazing ever at the gleaming stone.

As the lamp swung to and fro, weird shadows swung with it on the walls. Tapestries from China, embroidered in grotesque black faces and figures, hung on the walls, and the light played in and out upon them. As I stared at them idly, the faces seemed to grimace and mock at me, the figures to move stealthily. The wine had mounted to my head. I tossed off another goblet, rose and staggered across the room, where I examined the tapestries, felt them, decided they were of cloth, and came back. The ship lurched; I stumbled, and found myself staring at the tapestries, morally certain that a black face had leered at me. I drew my dagger, reeled across the room, and stabbed the figure. My dagger stuck in the wall behind, but I simply stared at it and threw myself on my chair again, clutching the jewel.

Suddenly the light flickered and went out. I sprang up in a fury, certain that all the tapestry figures were leaping out to fight with me. I was ready to meet them all. Then, through the darkness of the cabin, a stealthy footfall came to my ears, real this time. In a blind rage I lurched forward to meet it, reaching for my dagger as I went. It was not there, and it took me fully a minute to remember what had happened to it. But for the life of me I could not remember in which part of the wall it was sticking. This cooled me somewhat, and I stood still, listening. Then, suddenly, someone stabbed me, quickly, silently, from behind. I fell, clutching the table, but as I lay there swoon-

ing, someone opened my hand and took out the sapphire. The last thing I remembered was the sound of stealthy footsteps going from the cabin.

Yes, I recovered from the wound. Had I not, I should not be here to tell the tale. But it took long weeks in which I lay helpless. Lucky for me that I had a faithful crew! During my convalescence, I learned that the night of the theft, the ship had been just off the coast. Someone had seen Joe, a Malay half-breed and newly hired, steal from my cabin and disappear somewhere down deck. Soon afterwards the storm died down, and one of the small boats was discovered to be missing. The storm, however, had abated only temporarily. It blew up again with redoubled fury, and the ship was driven far out to sea. It was only the work and faithfulness of the crew that saved the ship that night. But long afterwards I learned that the small boat, with Joe and the sapphire, had never reached shore—except for a few broken planks. My beautiful stone is resting now, far below, at the bottom of the sea.

What? Exciting—oh, yes. But my back still aches at times. Ho, boy! Can you not keep the cups refilled without being told?

Exciting, monsieur, you would not say so if you knew the story of the D'Algy ruby. The wine at last—beshrew me, boy, you'll fall asleep of slowness. A toast to Catherine D'Algy!

The D'Algys were Spanish nobles, very rich and powerful. They had a stronghold—a great gray castle, tucked away in the mountains by the sea. There are stories told yet of the days when the king of Spain visited their castle, with all his train, lords and ladies and knights, flashing bright with silks, satins and precious stones. It is certain that His Majesty was given a royal welcome, and ere he left he gave to the family, as a token of his favor, the ruby.

It was an enormous gem, full two inches in diameter, crystal-clear, and as red as the heart's blood. The D'Algys put it in their treasure coffer and it was handed down from generation to generation, as a priceless, royal possession. They guarded it, often, with their lives—and willingly. The king who had given it to them, however, died; succeeding kings came and went, and the power of the D'Algy family began to decline. The tradition

of the jewel was well known, and treasure-seekers came to take the ruby by force. But the D'Algys guarded it well, and their old gray fortress stood despite the frequent besiegers. But one day a treacherous villager showed certain of these treasure-seekers a secret path below the castle wall. The castle was entered by night and surprised, and one by one the inhabitants were overcome and massacred. Then straight to the treasure-chest, high in the castle tower, went the vistsors. A frenzied search revealed an abundance of gems, but no ruby of the type described. Looking through the window, the commander spied someone on the battlements and rushed out with his men. It was Catherine, the beautiful daughter of the house, who had escaped to the tower and taken the jewel to try to save it. She held it in her hand. It was a fearful night, with a high wind, lightning, and thunder. Very pale she stood, with her black hair whipping in the wind, that glowing beauty in her hand, and a look in her dark eyes such as I never wish to see again. Give me the wine!

But the commander, frenzied by the sight of the jewel, advanced toward her with his sword drawn, threatening to take her life if she did not give up the ruby. She stepped backward, slowly, staring at him with those eyes as she did so. I can see her face yet as I saw it then—surrounded by that dark, flying hair, pale as death, and illuminated by frequent flashes of lightning. She stepped back until she reached the edge of the battlements, and there she paused and stretched out her hand. "You shall never have this jewel," she said, and turned, and, in one blinding flash of lightning, she leaped into space—and was gone, and the ruby with her. We could hear her fall on the rocks below. More wine!

But the jewel was life itself to me—yes, I was the commander—and, having descended the tower, I told the men to go get it. They were hardened, but superstitious, and every one of them refused point-blank, save one. He was an African, who boasted that he did not know fear. He went—we could see him by the lightning, leaping over the rocks and through the tangle of wet trees and bushes at the castle's base. Then he disappeared, and for a minute we could hear and see nothing

but the storm. Then a fearful scream rent the night, a scream that froze us where we stood. I must have been out of my mind, however, for I rushed forward, forcing my way through the tangle till I reached the place. There lay poor Catherine D'Algy; but beside her lay the African—dead. He had been struck by a bolt of lightning, apparently just in the act of taking the stone. His hand lay out-flung at my feet; the fingers clutched the stone with the grip of death. There before my eyes it lay, in a vise from which it could never be extracted. He who attempted to do so, would be killed instantly by the electricity with which the African's whole body was charged. Catherine had been right—I was never to have the stone.

Yes, I am a pirate. Why not say so? You must have guessed as much, long since. What think you of my hobby? A fine one, is it not? Surely

you, too, have a hobby. What do you collect? You collect — you collect pirates. That's fine — pirates — *pir — pi* — What the——! Sit still, if you know what a pistol is for. I might have known I would give myself away—wine always loosens my tongue. Well, well! An officer of the king's navy! But, like my stories, this one will be a tragedy for the collector, too; you shall not get your pirate. Sit still! But to think that I have been your entertainer this whole evening, while you have regaled me with nothing but a momentary scare. Faith, I have a mind to shoot you as you sit there. However, I thought you fine enough at first, and we are both gentlemen of leisure. Only gentlemen of leisure have hobbies! I hope you have enjoyed my society. May your hobby flourish, so long as you do not collect me. Monsieur, good evening!

Voices of the Sea

GEORGIANA C. GEESEY

At morning from the misty sea
Many voices call to me;
Voices soft and sweet and low
Follow me where'er I go.
And these voices of the tide
Tell me where the mermaids hide,
Where the pearly oysters stay
On the margin of a bay,
Of sea horses strong and fine
Born and bred in Neptune's brine,
Of tropic isles where naked feet
Dance to music wild and sweet,
Of a roving galleon bold
Filled with treasure and with gold,
Of pirates with thin sabres bare
Shouting curses through the air,
Of treasure ships beneath the waves
And lonely sailors' wat'ry graves,
Of a lighthouse high and white
Guiding lost ships by its light.
All these things you'll hear, and more,
If you listen by the shore.

"I Wondered Why!"

LUCILLE WALKER

The other night I wondered why
The lightning flashed high in the sky;
I wondered why the thunder rolled
As if God wanted us to scold.

I watched the rain come pouring down;
I heard the wind go howling by;
I saw the storm in fury rage;
And still I wondered why!

The morning dawned when I arose,
The storm stilled during my night's repose;
The birdies sang, the world was gay;
The sun smiled down, that sun of May!

The grass sprung up, the flowers too
Came forth to give their perfume new;
And only then I realized
Just why that storm came from the skies.

It came to waken Mother Earth,
To rouse her from her winter's sleep;
It came to waken Springtime's mirth,
To make our happiness complete.

“Good-Bye Schoolmates”

J. W. THRONE

Dedicated to S. V. O'Brein

The golden glow of a summer's day
 Rests over the verdant hills,
 And the sunlight falls with mellow ray
 On fields and laughing rills;
 But ere its last beam fades away
 Beyond the mountains high,
 Our lips must bravely, sadly say
 The parting words, "Good-bye."

Kind friends and parents,
 Our gratitude is yours,
 For all your care and sympathy
 Which changelessly endures.
 We've tried to use the passing hours
 So they would bring no sigh,
 When to our happy days of school
 We say our last, "Good-bye."

Dear schoolmates, ne'er shall we forget,
 The old days spent with you.
 With many a sigh for joys gone by
 We sadly say, "adieu."

The last sweet hour with you is past,
 Here must we break the tie.
 With sadness, now once more we say
 "Good-bye, schoolmates, Good-bye."

Dear teachers, we shall ne'er forget
 The lessons you have taught.
 We trust the future may perfect
 The work your hands have wrought;
 And may they bring good gifts to you,
 These years that swiftly fly,
 And may you kindly think of those
 Who bid you now, "Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" It shall not be farewell,
 We hope again to meet.
 But happy hours are ever short,
 And days of youth are fleet.
 There's much to learn and much to do.
 Oh! May our aims be high,
 And ever lead toward that bright land
 Where none shall say, "Good-bye."

Jokes & Novelties



Y. C. I. Magazines

Judge—GEORGE KOHLER
 Country Life—THE ANNUAL PICNIC
 Physical Culture—MR. BILHEIMER
 Outdoor Recreation—TRACK
 Popular Science—CHEMISTRY
 Harper's—THE ORCHESTRA
 Review of Reviews—FINAL EXAM
 La Vie Parisienne—MISS MESSER
 Good Housekeeping—LAB
 Vogue—VIRGINIA LEE
 Vanity Fair—MIRIAM HERSHEY
 Life—STUDY-STUDY-STUDY!
 Outlook—AFTER MID-YEAR EXAMS
 The Drama—"TOMMY'S WIFE"
 Literary Digest—MISS SANDERSON
 Beauty—KATHARINE CROZIER
 Chemical Age—V. CHEM. CLASS
 Liberty—VACATION
 Time—DETENTION PERIOD
 Little Folks—KINDERGARTEN
 Science and Invention—BILL STOCK

Things the Seniors Should
Bequeath Us

Someone to BEAR the burdens and responsibility
 of the Seniors.

Another BARBER, so it is not necessary to lose
 our BARBER-shop.

Another good WALKER to be the school mes-
 senger.

Another REA of sunshine to brighten the dreary
 school days.

Another STOCK of — in the cellar.

Another KAIN for the use of the crippled athletes.

Shakespeare At Y. C. I.

"Romeo and Juliet"—KATHARINE CROZIER and
 RALPH TIPPING

"As You Like It"—SENIOR PRIVILEGES

"Comedy of Errors"—OUR TEST PAPERS

"Midsummer Night's Dream"—COMMENCEMENT

"Taming of the Shrew"—DETENTION PERIOD

"Measure for Measure"—GEOMETRY CLASS

The Roaring Ford

Down the street it proudly came;
 It rattled and it roared;
 It came to a stop with a jerk and a pain
 'Twas Emenheiser and his Ford.

GEASEY

Will We Ever See

No one cutting classes?
 Jean without Bob?
 Lu not collecting money?
 Dot never late for school?
 Richard Kain agree with someone?
 Elizabeth Bear with her lessons unprepared?
 A Spring term without a Bazaar?
 Paul Spangler present at school every day for a week?
 Jay with straight hair?
 Coleman without Kelly?
 Memorial Hall vacant during lunch hour?
 Emenheiser without his Ford?
 "Wil" Wise keeping quiet?
 VI English class appreciating Chaucer's humor?
 John Smith in short pants?
 Dot Barber using common everyday words?
 Richard Kain fighting?
 Catharine Rudisill studying?
 Clair Wallick not cutting classes?
 Robinson without his "lumberjack"?
 Ralph Tipping not saying "hello" to every girl
 he sees?

Miss Sanderson, in Sixth English: "What kind of
 a tree is a 'red-rusted cypress'?"

Jimmie Kiracofe: "A wooden one."

Louise, on April 13: "Tomorrow is Founder's
 Day."

Elva (absentmindedly): "Founder's Day. Oh!
 was school founded tomorrow?"

Lucille, translating Latin: "There was a herd of
 ghosts in the field."

Miss Messer: "Why do you chew your words
 so?"

George Motter: "So you can digest them."

Twenty-Five Cents

WALKER AND WALKER

I came into York from Spry one evenin' to meet ma sister who was comin' into the station at nine o'clock from a visit to Harrisburg. I hadn't a thing to do all evenin', and seen' a sign which sed: "Basket-ball tonight in the York Collegiate Institute Gym," and never havin' knowd that a basket bawled, I thought I'd go an see wot it was all about.

Well, I found the building, paid my admission, and went in and sat down. A big fat man, who knew a powerful lot 'bout the game, came and sat down next to me. The first thing I sez to him was: "What's that fishin' net hangin' up there on the wall fer?"

"That's the basket," sez he.

"Well," I told him, "I don't see what good a thing like that is. How can a basket without a bottom hold anything?"

The man didn't answer me, 'cause just then everyone jumped up an' began to yell. I jumped up, too, and asked where the fire had started. Someone told me that there wasn't any fire, and people were just yellin' 'cause the team was comin'. Well, I looked all around, but I couldn't even see one horse. But I did see a bunch of boys dressed like bare-back riders!

There I was, still lookin' fer the horses, when the feller next ter me sez: "I see the team has new trunks!" I looked all around and couldn't find a

trunk in the room, although I did remember seein' a couple boys walk in carryin' suit-cases.

Well, then a whistle blew, an' someone shouted: "The game is on!" I couldn't see the game on anything but the floor.

A minute later a whistle blew, and a man dressed in white (like a street cleaner) yelled: "Toss-up!" But I guess they didn't hear him, 'cause I didn't see any coins flyin'!

Then some guy yelled: "Watch that forward!" I looked at the feller he pointed to, but he didn't look the least bit fresh.

Then my neighbor said: "It's a foul," but I couldn't see any chickens.

Next the street cleaner yelled "Shoot two!" I wondered which two they were gonna shoot, but 'guess they changed their mind 'cause nobody seemed to have a pistol.

'Twasn't long 'til somebody shouted: "Cover up!" No doubt the poor things felt cold in their swimmin' suits, but nobody brought 'em any blankets. I guess they were keepin' the horses warm.

Then the whistle blew, an' the feller next to m. sez: "That's the end of that quarter!" an' then someone yelled: "This sure is a hot game!" An' bein' that the room did feel awful warm, an' it was time to go an' meet ma sister, I decided not to wait for my other quarter's worth, so I left.

Dictionary of Slang Expressions

BUMMER, *n.* One who smokes O. P. cigarettes.
CUT, *v. t.* Usually used with the word classes meaning to be absent without leave.

DIG, *v. t.* To prepare a translation in Latin meaning to a pony.
EXAM, *n.* A contraction for examination. From the Latin "exanimio" meaning deprive of life.

FAKIR, *n.* One who can talk volubly on little knowledge.

FAT, *n.* The Queen of skags, Fatima.

FLUNK, *v. t.* To make such a good recitation the Prof. doesn't know what to mark you for it. Akin to fluke or fail.

GYP, *v. t.* A word with many meanings but especially used to mean "rook" or "hook."

HEALTH STUDENTS, *n.* A widespread organization with many disciples. Motto: Too much study is harmful, beware!

HORSE, *n.* See pony.

HOT AIR, *n.* The way Phi Sigma is run.

LONG, *adj.* Usually used with so, meaning au revoir.

O. P., *ab.* Abbreviation meaning other peoples, in respect to cigs.

PEACH, *n.* (1) A beauty. (2) A species of fruit.

QUIZ, *n.* A word meaning "the survival of the fittest."

ROOT, *n.* The only part of Latin that has never been changed.

SAVVY, *adj.* Endowed with intellect.

SHAG, *n.* A coffin nail; cigarette.

STIFF, *n.* One armed with conceit.

SOPHOMORES, *n.* Happy-go-lucky class. No cares, no brains, no use.

STAB, *n.* A wild guess "To make a stab at a question."

SWELL, *n.* A fellow with a loud bow-tie, loud socks, 22 inch pants and a look of idiocy.

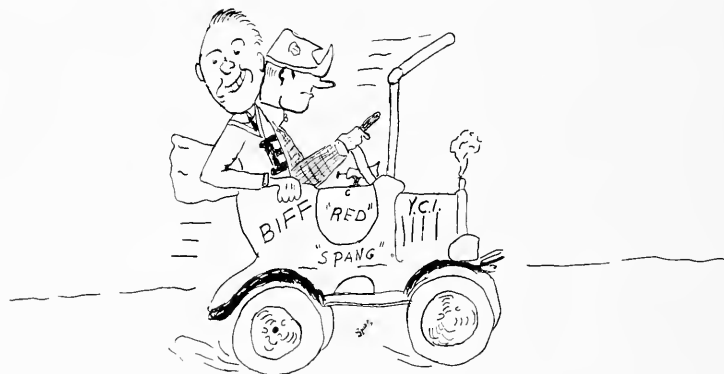
"THIRTY CENTS," *n.* To make a fellow "look like thirty cents" means to humiliate him.

WOODEN, *adj.* Bilheimer's opinion of the senior physics class.

ZIP, *n.* Prof. Frantz's plaything; zero; 0.

Senior Slams

Name	Nickname	Known by	Hobby	Destiny
DOROTHY BARBER	"Dot"	2 Left Feet	Sardines	Late for her own funeral.
ELIZABETH BEAR	"Lizbeth"	Red Hair	Studying	Chaperon
WILLIAM EMMENHEISER	"Emie"	Drawl	Fording	Speed King
WILBUR GANTZ	"Wib"	Evading Pompadour	Track	Nurmi II
ROBERT GEASEY	"Bob"	Chewing Gum	Writing	Night Watchman
MIRIAM HERSHEY	"Mim"	Track Medal	Fussing	Chiropodist
RICHARD KAIN	"Dick"	Brains	Arguing	Soap Box Orator
JAMES KIRACOFÉ	"Jimmie"	Smile	Translating French	Dancing Teacher
CLAIR KREIDLER	"Yoe"	Sleek Hair	Trig.	Barber
GEORGE MOTTER	"George"	Witty Remarks	Music	Successor to Paul Whiteman
FRANCES MUNDORF	"Fritz"	Vamping	Dancing	Queen of Egypt
MARGUERITE REA	"Mag"	Dresses	Dreaming	Authoress
JAY REGAR	"Porky"	Reading Dialect	Playing the "Uke"	Drawing Teacher
RALPH ROCHOW	"Sheik"	Sarcasm	Girls	Latin Teacher
IRVIN SHINDLER	"Mr. Vice-Pres."	Bashfulness	Ponies	Vice-Pres. of Y. C. I.
WILLIAM STOCK	"Bill"	Chuckle	Sleep-walking	Edison II
GLADYS WALKER	"Gladly"	Writings	Ask Mr. Bilheimer	Chauffeurette
LUCILLE WALKER	"Lu"	Bazaars	Collecting Money	Cashier
CLAIR WALLICK	"Clair"	Lazy Walk	Cutting Classes	Bachelor



Coleman and Fisher

Miss Messer, in French class: "Now do you see the difference between a cup of coffee and a coffee cup."

George Motter: "Yes, the one's empty and the other's full."

THE GAME THAT WAS PLAYED EXAM WEEK

Elva: "Why isn't Whitie Allabach playing with the Junior team tonight?"

Lu: "Oh! he played for five minutes with the Varsity team so now he is exempt."

The Health Students

The Health Students is the name of a fraternity of widespread membership. Many of those members attend Y. C. I. because of the benefits acquired through the classes which have no heat and plenty of windows. Most of them are distinguished by the expressions of stupidity and general ignorance of all topics. That is, when they attend classes, which is on exceedingly rare occasions.

Their constitution is very weak, but their by-laws are full of interesting provisions. The main idea of the founder, Mr. Bilheimer, is that none should study hard enough to receive bad effects such as nervous breakdown, brain fever, or too much knowledge. This of course, is a reasonable

demand and it is done only in fairness to the followers of this creed.

Another provision is made that not more than a certain number may attend classes and these are generally self-appointed since there is no one head of this organization.

I cannot disclose the names of the members since this is a secret society and thus I cannot tell more about this interesting group. However, the members seem to be thriving and though some do not pass, none have ever received any harmful effects from studying. The benefits of this institution are numerous and should not be overlooked. However, we sincerely congratulate the founder of this society and hope that all the present members may graduate before 1935.

Every Student's Plight

Latin

Latin is a large and wide study, which we must study in school, although Latin is a dead language, and does us no good . . . , unless we become a doctor and learn Latin names for medicines, or become an astronomer so we can understand the solar world.

But Latin itself is of no use to us. There is an excuse made, "It increases the mind." But if it comes to increasing the mind, why pick a subject as dry as Latin?

Why not checkers?

Checkers has a larger range than Latin, much larger. There are millions of checker problems that have and need more brains to figure out, than any Latin sentence. Besides, checkers will furnish amusement as well as study.

Checkers would be looked upon as an amusement and not as a study.

We would look forward with pleasure to our "Checker Class."

Why, checkers is even a business.

In Atlantic City good checker players, play

twenty games at a time; if you win you get a prize; if you lose you pay for playing.

And Latin, Where can you get money for knowing Latin?

Just decide which you would rather study, then with a boost and a smile help us out of the Latin situation.

Do you know why:

Boys cut Latin classes?

Latin gets less study than any other study?

We should study Latin when it employs bad English?

We should study Latin when three-fourths of us use ponies?

We couldn't read "Caesar's Gallic War" in English instead of Latin?

So why can't we have checkers instead of Latin?

Do you see any objection?

Can you help us?

If you have ever studied Latin you know our plight.

Just one at the mercy of Latin.

GEORGE L. SIMON



Drug Store Cowboys

Many, many years ago there were four great men known as the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Now, these four young men you see in the picture are the descendants of those four great men.

This quartette may be found any day, rain or shine, at the drug store, especially during study periods and often when there are no study periods. So you can readily see that these men acquire all their knowledge at Everhart's.

It is no more than right at this time to tell you something about these Cowboys.

Take Mr. Rochow, who is the leader of the band, not in knowledge but in height. But just the same, Mr. Rochow is a studious Cowboy; and we wish him the best of luck.

Then comes William (Red) Wogan, whose past

history is very shady. But Red is only a Sophomore so we will let that go for his class in 1927.

Next is Mr. Kain, who is the only white head in the senior class. It may be a good idea to tell you that this Cowboy is the brightest student in the gang (but that doesn't say much). Just the same we congratulate Mr. Kain on being able to graduate in 1925. After all we wish him all the possible success in the world.

Mr. Wise, the contradiction of terms, is never absent from our group. He always has such a good recitation that the teachers can't decide on what mark to give him. However, he slings a good line around the drug store and we hope he will be as faithful through life as he has been to the Cowboys.

Truly yours,
COWBOYS

A Prophetic Prophecy

By A PROFESSING PROPHET

~ ~

An enormous task has fallen upon my weak but willing shoulders, the importance and significance of which cannot be elaborated upon in too great confusion—I mean profusion. This burden of responsibility cost me an eye, ear, a life and even a jail sentence, but if humanity can be warned in time it will not have been superfluously expended. Only recently I have returned, or rather been returned from, that far-off but well-known region, where men are men—sometimes, and whose inhabitants never lose an opportunity, even at the expense of a few reputations, to study the effects of the stars shining, and still more exhilarating the effect of the moon shine, verily Possum Town. My extensive sojourn in that land, which is noted for its bottleggers and other great men, was especially extended by a very emphatic desire on the part of the natives, particularly the police force (who was a friend of mine way back in the antedeluvian period proceeding, nay preceding the garterless craze) to detain, restrain, or otherwise put to pain my presents, doggonit I mean presence. Thusly I wasn't enabled to pursue the secrets of the spirits and consequently have become somewhat proficient as an extemporizer upon future developments when the theories run according to Hoyle.

Firstly, I must endeavor to express my heartiest appreciation and unboundless gratefulness for the generous and unsolicited cooperation of Ralph the Rochow in allowing me to perch upon his high shoulders from whence I was able to gaze far and wide and high, to observe the conditions upon which the veracity of the following statements are founded or dumfounded.

The first victims, howbeitsoever, shall be the players who in addition to their abilities to make foul goals and sometimes words are also cowless cowboys of the drugstore variety. I predict for them at some time or other in the somewhat indefinite future a severe attack of suspension or possibly indigestion for it is whispered among those who think they know, that these sheiks of the waxed

floor and leather domain, in addition to periodical and individual descents upon the corner drug store, do every Saturday night or sooner swoop down enmasse upon the Sweet Shop and do thereby proceed to divest that otherwise peaceable abode of its nut sundaes, etc. They tolerate the track men so that if it behooves them to make a quick get-a-way there will be some who can run for aid and protection. Howsoever even they will succumb to the sweeties of the Sweet Shop, maybe and then STARS will not shine so brightly, possibly.

Hearken Ye to the prediction for Sigma Delta, this great august aggregation of beautiful creatures best known for high heels and bobbed hair. Will they be greatly admired? Yea, verily, but also they shall be feared for their warlike activities, already being superbly proficient in the use of powder . . . and paint. Many of them will become magnificent debaters or should I say arguers and little wonder, with all the practice they are accustomed to during the secret meetings.

My never failing science of astronomy has divulged to my sensitive comprehension the startling fact that Phi Sigma is governed by Luna and in the coarse of time it shall be that unless they change their government they will inevitably become Lunatics. Many great MEN are in their midst and they are destined to become broad speakers for do they not already have big mouths and verily they shall possess a good understanding for they have large feet. Yea they shall make themselves heard even though there be much static in the air.

Behold the horoscopolical divulgements are as yet not terminated. Forget not that the senior class leaves shortly or maybe shorter for no reason whatsoever except a desire to seek their ways and pays some in this extensive universal existence. I have seen while under the effects of the spirits that Y. C. I. stands a possible chance of continuing its

Continued on page 68

A Prophetic Prophecy

Continued from page 67

existence without them but their presents—no presence, not to elaborate upon their nonsense will be missed to no unappreciable extent. Their road will be hard but after serving their time at the Institution for Collegiates they have or should have had sufficient reparation for a foundation on

which to attempt anything. They may achieve much that is and some that isn't but everyone will consider them possible examples to follow. So, so long seniors, be ye shining stars, etc., etc., etc.

C. D. ECLIPSE *Alias* INSLEY BERLIN

Jokes

Mr. Bilheimer, explaining an Algebra problem: "Now watch the board while I run through it again."

Miss Sanderson, dictating sentences in an English class: "The ants are respectable people."

One of the girls who had a nephew: "Of course we are."

Mr. Bilheimer, in Physics class: "There's a Willys Knight car on exhibition now that the King of England used for a long time in Philadelphia."

While one of our students was on a canoe trip the party came to a fork in the river. Not knowing which way to go, a member of the party asked a native which course they should follow.

The reply was: "Go up the stream, from here the river is dammed."

One of the students was reading a notice on the bulletin board.

The notice was: "Board Meeting at 3:20 in Sigma Delta room."

Stud (thoughtfully): "It will be a board meeting. They're all chips off the old blocks"

The Perfect Seniors

The perfect Senior girl would have:

Dorothy Barber's hair.
Elizabeth Bear's brains.
Miriam Hershey's cute ways.
Frances Mundorf's nose.
Marguerite Rea's sense of humor.
Gladys Walker's teeth.
Lucille Walker's ability.

The perfect Senior boy would have:

Lawrence Buchart's vocabulary.
William Emenheiser's Ford.
Wilbur Gantz's studiousness.
Robert Geasey's ability in basketball.
Richard Kain's witty remarks.
James Kiracofe's smile.
Clair Kreidler's sense of humor.
George Motter's eyes.
Jay Regar's curly hair.
Ralph Rochow's height.
Irwin Shindler's teeth.
Clair Wallick's seriousness.

Songs

Facinating Rhythm—ROGER SCHWARTZ

Let Me Be the First to Kiss You Good-Morning—
MARY BILHEIMER

Bygones—BASKETBALL GAMES

He Knows It all—RICHARD KAIN

Gotta Getta Girl—MILLARD STILES

I Got Mine—RALPH ROCHOW

Oh, You Can't Fool An Old Hoss Fly—

MR. BILHEIMER

Me and the Boy Friend—DOT BARBER

New Kind of Man—LAWRENCE BUCHART

I Can't Get the One I Want—VIRGINIA LEE

Innocent Eyes—GEORGE MOTTER

Lady, Be Good—FRANCES MUNDORF

My Best Gal—BOB GEASEY

Sweet Little You—LEGS ROBINSON

Broken-Hearted Melody—THE DAY THE TEAM LEFT

Charlie, My Boy—MARGARET MINNICH

June Night—COMMENCEMENT

Maytime—EXAMS

I'm Satisfied—BOB AND JEAN

The Only, Only One—DIPLOMA

Bye Bye Blues—JUNE

Jokes

Scene at Everhart's.

Red: "I guess I'll have a chocolate soda after all; no, change it to a lime shake."

Paul: "This is a soda fountain, not a sleight-of-hand performance."

Coming Movie Attractions:

"Like It or Lump It," starring a coalman.

"Lost Souls" or "The Shoemaker's Revenge."

"The Great Pickle Robbery" or "One Out of 57."

Wil: "I can't think when I smoke, so I let it alone."

Bur: "What, the smoking?"

Wil: "No, the thinking."

Stiles: "You pay for the tickets to the show and I'll buy the peanuts."

V. Metzgar: "Sure, give me the money. I left my pocketbook home."

Miss Sanderson, referring to a conversation held in Memorial Hall: "They were talking out in the Lobby."

Mim's father: "Miriam, who was here with you last night?"

Mim: "Only Harriett."

Mim's father: "Well, tell Harriett she left her pipe on the piano!"

Over the phone: "Hello, Jeanette, this is Bob."

Jean: "Which one?"

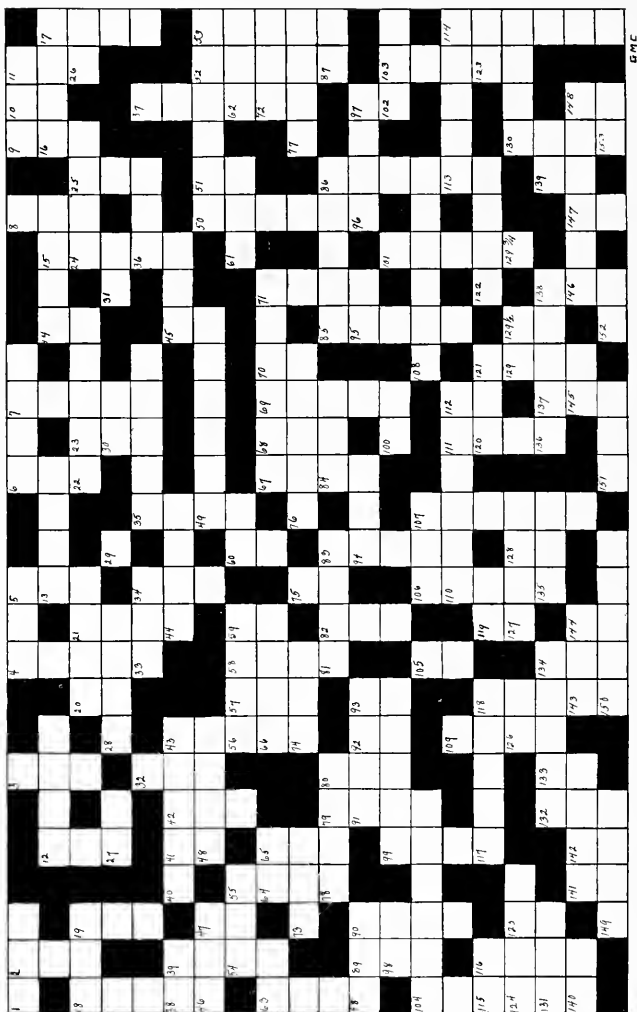
Prof. Frantz: "Why was the discovery of radium a very brilliant achievement in Chemistry?"

Dick Myers: "Because no one had ever done it before."

It was the first day of "Gym" when a new student nervously asked: "M-Mister Bilheimer, may I have your master-key to open my chest?"

Mr. Bilheimer, on March 16: "Well, Buchart, are you going to celebrate Saint Patrick's Day down in Yoe?"

Buchart: "Oh, yes! There're a lot of green things down there."



Y. C. I. Cross Word Puzzle

Y. C. I. CROSS WORD PUZZLE

- HORIZONTAL
- The only classroom in which we need not sit still (abbr.)
 - Basket-ball enthusiast
 - Found in rows in Study Hall.
 - Part of Phi Sigma
 - A group of athletes
 - A state that's high in the middle
 - Track star (nickname)
 - The condition of a sheik's hair
 - A junior star (nickname)
 - We're sorry he left (nickname)
 - Mr. Bilheimer
 - A colloidal condition existing between two hearts
 - Behold!
 - Mathematics (nickname)
 - A popular Senior girl
 - Last letter of the alphabet (phi)
 - A necessity in court (basket-ball or law)
 - French word for "no."
 - "That Red Head Gal."
 - A name common to three Y. C. I. athletes
 - Who could be stupid with such a name?
 - To interrogate
 - Word used in cheers
 - Girl's name
 - Hero of Virgil's "Aeneid"
 - One of "Doc's" classes
 - Where Y. C. I.'s promising young scientists spend many hours (abbr.)
 - Y. C. I.'s personified Woolworth building (nickname)
 - Opposite of out
 - Old rivals
 - Until (abbr.)
 - James Lentz
 - That is (abbr.)
 - Teacher (slang)
 - Where we keep our gym clothes
 - Girl's name
 - Altrude (abbr.)
 - Word used in cheers
 - Cheers

- Sweet six—
- Mr. Bilheimer's opinion of 6th Physics class
- What "Wib" Wise slings around the Drug Store
- "Much About Nothing"
- What we'd like to do in most classes
- Captain of basket-ball team (initials)
- Me.
- Resound
- What the track team does
- French demonstrative adj.
- Attract
- French word for "here"
- Our Spring sport
- His pet occupation is arguing (initials)
- Chapeau (English)
- Hero of 5th Latin
- Ask Jean
- Professor
- One of our school colors.
- Miss Sanderson's name for Memorial Hall
- Latin and French for "and"
- Y. C. I.'s high spot
- River in Italy
- See the last 20 pages
- Makes us laugh
- French article
- When school starts
26. (123)
- To "gyp" (slang)
- "Gazelle" (initials)
- A letter we covet
- Xmas
- A limb
- Used to draw straight lines
- View
- To obliterate
- The Reading pronunciation of "boy" (ask Jay)
- Member of orchestra (initials)
- A brilliant Senior boy
- We never do!
- Pronoun
- Those who have graduated

- Found on Study Hall desk, for—
- Kenneth Stallman
- A part in a play
- Article
- Favorite marks?
- York County Academy
- Anger
- We make lots of 'em.
- It tells who wins
- What this is
- That's us!
- Everyone
- Track star (initials)
- All right
- Captain of "les Noires"
- Pony
- Disturb
- The way we change classes
- Seize her
- Captain of "the Bolsheviks"
- Most numerous in Study Hall
- You'll see another soon, let's hope!
- Calls us to Study Hall
- Athletic contest
- Edward
- None of our athletes are!
- Two per year
- Parts of "movies"
- Philip Smith
- Chair
25. Afternoon (abbr.)
- That is (Latin abbr.)
- 129½. Photography manager
- Our favorite studies
- Fear
- French article
- Around glasses
- Ditto
- Our favorite occupation
- ?
- Cayenne
- Athletic Association
- That (Latin fem.)
- We
- Two letters of the title of one of Homer's most famous poems.

A Y. C. I. Bed-Time Story

By GLADYS WALKER

Once upon a time a BARBER, a MILLER, and a COLEMAN, who lived together in a GARRETT in a village near BERLIN, started together for a day's outing. The BARBER, being a good WALKER, led the way. The MILLER followed closely, and as he was a good WHISLER, he made the party cheerful with his merry tunes. The COLEMAN walked behind the others, because a SHOE hurt him, and he was able to walk only very slowly, and with the aid of a KAIN.

About noon-time they came to some STILES, where they decided to sit down to rest. Now this was not a very WISE decision, because the top of a large tree was TIPPING over the STILES at such an angle that it looked as if it might fall any minute.

But while the men were sitting there resting, a FISHER-man approached them. He had with him a big, brown BEAR, which he led by means of a heavy KABLE that he held in one hand.

"My friends," said the FISHER-man "do you know that whoever finds the hidden treasure in that tree above you will be rich forever?"

The FISHER-man and his BEAR went on, and the three men began searching the tree. They climbed part way up the trunk, and also searched around the roots, but they found nothing. Finally, after searching for a long time, one found something in the trunk that looked like a brown, marble, door-KNAUB. He gave it a great pull, and the KNAUB came out, and the tree fell to the ground with a great crash, smashing all the STILES, and frightening some STROCK in a neighboring field.

Then a bright REA of red light streamed out of the hole in the trunk from which the KNAUB had been pulled. The men examined this hole, and inside they found a large and beautiful RUBY. This gem they took to a jeweler, who gave them so much money for it that the BARBER, the MILLER, and the COLEMAN were all wealthy for the rest of their lives.

Now it is time for all good children to go to bed. This is station Y. C. I. signing off until 1926. Good-night!

Prof. Frantz in V Algebra: "Dr. Ehrenfeld has gone to a conference of chemists. When he comes back the students in the Chemistry class should ask him the latest definition of 'man'."

A few minutes later he said: "Man is a colloid, like a piece of cheese."

It was the first day of school, and Miss Sander-son was having a little trouble arranging the Senior English class alphabetically. Addressing one young man in the back row she asked: "Are you Mr. Wallick?"

"Oh no!" came the reply, "I'm Wise."

Mr. Bilheimer, assigning the Physics class a lesson on "Light": "I hope you can all see this?"

While one of our Senior girls was on a trip out west she went from one place to another in a stage coach. After a long silence the driver turned to the party and said: "Isn't that dam pretty over there?"

Who Says?

"Talk it up."

"That's Ancient History!"

"How are my little cherubs this morning?"

"Oh, dear!"

"Well, don't fall in!"

"I'm particular!"

"Puppy love!"

"Oh, murder!"

"My hike!"

"You would, you're just the type!"

"Don't be facetious!"

"My sakes!"

"I've something to tell you!"

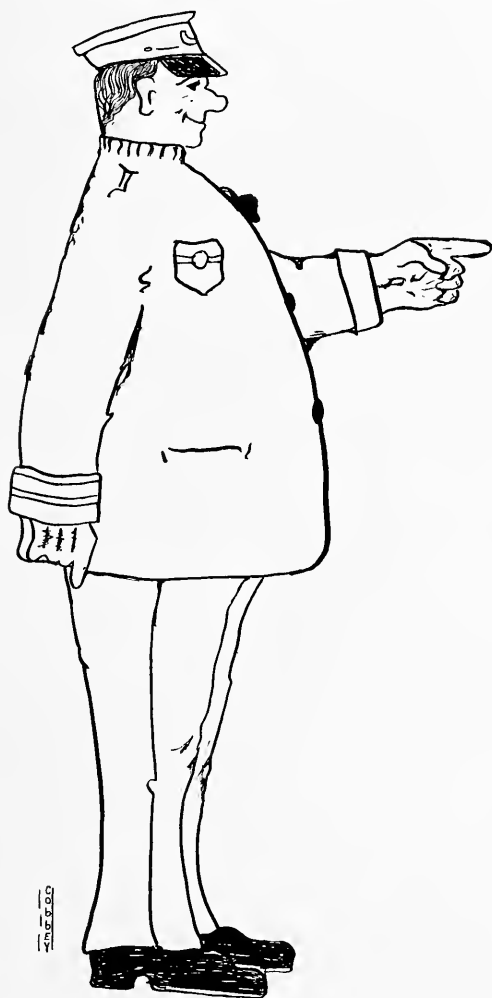
"Imagine that!"

"Isn't that awful!"

"You might know!"

"Did you bring your money!"

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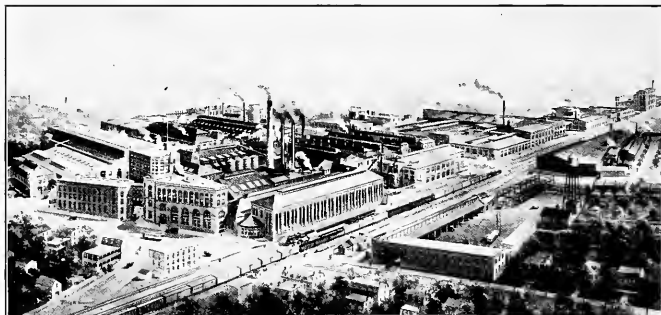
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